A New Aid Plan for the Middle East

ANC April 4, 1957 25¢

Report on Titoism (page 17)

THE REPORTER

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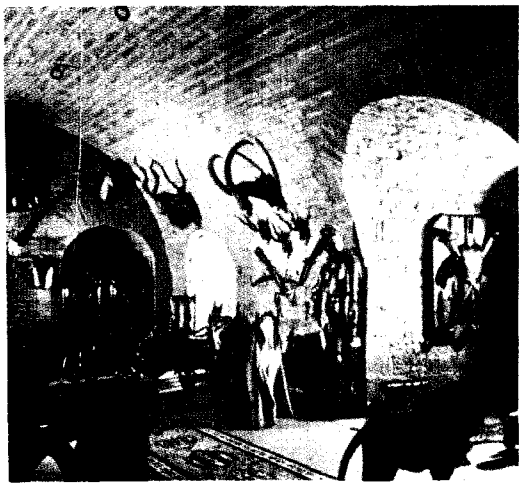
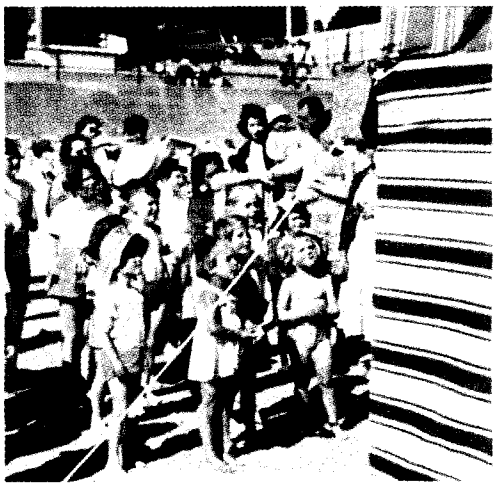
Why every child should visit Britain

HISTORY ALIVE! Every child should have the thrill of meeting a Beefeater. They guard the Crown Jewels at the Tower of London. Charles II fed them rib roasts to keep their muscles beefy.

STORY-BOOK PAGEANTRY. Changing the Guard is an all-year-round event in London. Small fry are strangely quiet when they see it. Suddenly all their toy soldiers have come to life!



ROMANTIC CASTLES. This is Scotland's famous Glamis, where Macbeth murdered King Duncan. Despite ghosts, many British castles are still lived in. Princess Margaret was born here in 1930.



EASY TO MAKE FRIENDS. No child feels lonely here. Young Britons speak the same language in more senses than one. Witness this Punch-and-Judy Show. Kukla might claim a British ancestor.

FAIRYLAND VILLAGES. This street is in Clovelly, Devon. It is so steep that donkeys deliver the parcel post. Kids jump for joy at this perpendicular town. Adults are apt to huff and puff.

CHARMING CUSTOMS. Here come the village Maypole Dancers. Hop over in Spring and you can see the Helston Furry Dance; "Hobby Hoss" Day at Padstow; and the Varsity Boat Race.

GENTLE MANNERS. These children have been competing at a Welsh Eisteddfod. Their gentle speech will impress you. They make those jaw-breaking Welsh names sound like music. A feat!

GREAT EVENTS. Guess where this is. Wrong. It's at the World's Pipe Band Contest in *Northern Ireland!* Most of the Highland Games take place in Scotland of course—in the fashionable Fall.

For free illustrated literature, see your travel agent or write British Travel Association, Box 310, 336 Madison Avenue, New York.
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Job Well Done (cont'd)

In the last issue, in this same space, we ran a piece that was all sweetness and light toward everybody who had contributed to the negotiated Israeli withdrawal from Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba. We felt so good then that we distributed palms and medals and orchids to Ben Gurion and Dag Hammarskjöld and John Foster Dulles and Guy Mollet, to mention only a few. We felt particularly good about our President and Secretary of State, because, we read, it had been their reassurance to the Israeli leader that had finally broken an apparently unbreakable military and diplomatic deadlock.

We just don't like to be constantly critical of our government's foreign policy. It's no fun for us to berate Dulles and to shake our heads sadly whenever the President calls on any number of Georges to act for him. But it almost invariably happens that when the final results of a praiseworthy policy become apparent, we find ourselves feeling more than a little bit silly.

It is not much of a consolation to think that other people are in a similar or much worse spot. We think of Premier Mollet, for instance. How happy and proud he was when he left New York! It had taken some doing, but he had succeeded: He had convinced the Israeli government that the American leaders actually meant what they had told him—that occupation of the Gaza Strip by U.N. forces meant U.N. occupation and rule of the Gaza Strip. He had no doubt as to what "innocent passage" through the Gulf of Aqaba meant. Now he must think that somebody—he himself—was an innocent abroad.

Now it turns out that our government's promises to the Israelis have been taken back—or even better, that they were never made in the first place. We wonder whether diplomats will not take to the habit, attributed to some Teamster officials, of carrying tape recorders in their pockets.

PERHAPS Ben Gurion, among all those to whom we distributed palms and medals, may not be so unhappy these days. This old man is sometimes too much of a fanatic nationalist to suit our taste, but there is no denying that he is tough and wise. The governor or civil administrator of Gaza is not Ralph Bunche or for that matter, any other U.N. official, but the Egyptian Army is not likely to get into the Gaza Strip soon and go back to the Fedayeen business. Ben Gurion gave Nasser's soldiers too memorable a shellacking, and that still-fresh recollection must weigh very heavily on Nasser's mind.

Nasser knows that in dealing with the American and U.N. leaders he can get away with a lot, but he also knows that Ben Gurion is a mean old man—so mean, in fact, that when he is attacked, he fights back.

Coming Unstitched

Three years ago Senator James O. Eastland (D., Mississippi) took a Forest, Mississippi, audience into his confidence. He told how as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary subcommittee on Civil Rights he had blocked it from acting on bills. He simply had the bills' original copies sewed up in his trouser pocket. "For three years," he said, "I carried those bills around in my pocket wherever I went."

Last year civil-rights legislation passed the House but died in the Senate Judiciary Committee. It has been pretty much the same story since President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights made its recommendations in 1947. A Senate coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats, aided by the inertia of most Northern Democrats, has kept the measures bottled up in committee.

This year, despite Eastland's chairmanship of the full Senate Judiciary Committee, the moderate civil-rights proposals of the Eisenhower Administration will certainly clear the Committee and stand a better than average chance of full Congressional approval. Northern Democrats and Republicans—old or new—are facing the political facts of 1958 and an Ikeless 1960. The stitches in Senator Eastland's trouser pocket seem to be twisting loose.

"You know," a Southern Senator wistfully remarked to a non-modern Republican at a closed Civil Rights subcommittee session the other day, "we used to be able to count on you fellows." "I know," the other replied wistfully.

The Great Reconciliation

In addition to being concerned over their next year's budget, U.S. Navy circles are perturbed these days by the unique proposal that they surrender one of their most treasured ships to a foreign power. The suggestion comes from the Spanish Ambassador to Washington, Count Don José M. de Areilza, who recently declared that his government would regard it a chivalrous gesture if we returned the ancient cruiser *Reina Mercedes*, captured in the Spanish-American War and held as a trophy ever since. In return, Don José has offered three tattered American battle flags, captured from us by the Spanish in the same war.

While the *Reina Mercedes* is not what you would call an ultimate weapon, we can appreciate the reluctance of the Navy to part with a vessel that has endeared itself to half a century of Annapolis midshipmen.

To the Army, for its part, the reminder that Spain also took something from us may be unwelcome—

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most schoolbooks don't mention our having lost battle flags in Cuba. The Spanish Ambassador might have spared us that.

But since we have already given so much to our new Spanish allies these past years, why not the *Reina Mercedes,* too? Next, of course, the West German Ambassador may make a similar move and ask that also in the interest of burying the past we return to Bonn the submarine U-545, captured on the high seas and now on exhibition in Chicago. This might lead, in turn, to a suggestion from London that we return the flags and cannon taken at Yorktown, in the cause of cementing a friendship that has grown a little shaky recently.

In fact, if the idea of giving back old trophies and booty catches on, it might even be seen by many as a way to reconciliation and a *détente* on a grand scale. Suppose that Britain returned the Rosetta stone to France, which would then return it to Egypt, where one of Napoleon's officers found it in 1799—what a gesture to attract Nasser! Suppose the suggestion came that we ourselves, in order to repair the damage we did in 1846 to Mexico, also gave back the lands that we . . .

But that would be carrying the idea too far. So perhaps we had better hold onto the *Reina Mercedes* after all.

Keep Our Motorists Awake!

Now that the legislators have voted us $33 billion worth of new Federal highways, the question has come up whether they will be adorned with the traditional clutter of billboards that make driving in the United States such an edifying if not elevating experience. ("Little Willie . . . Gentle Soul . . . Stole His Daddy's . . . Shaving Bowl . . .")

Senator Richard Neuberger (D., Oregon) wants to preclude advertising within five hundred feet of the right of way. Former Senator Scott Lucas, representing the Roadside Business Association, appeared recently before the Senate subcommittee on Roads to testify that small business, the farmer, and one out of every sixteen dollars spent in this nation depend on billboards.

Lucas's most telling argument was that billboards make driving safer. He cited a study made by two experts which concluded that numerous signs in the driver's field of vision actually were beneficial to his efficiency at the wheel.

We are as concerned about the new disease known as highway hypnosis as—so we hope—the fellow in the car ahead is, but somehow we don't think that either our safety or our economic welfare depends on the Lucas cure by billboard therapy. We are inclined to agree with Mrs. Ernest N. Calhoun, president of the Pennsylvania Roadside Council, who told the subcommittee: "As for keeping awake by watching the billboards go by—I say eyewash, which

FOREIGN SERVICE TURNOVER

(Houghton, Bruce, Bohlen)

"Mr. Ambassador to France,
Parlez-vous, parlez-vous?"
"Please excuse my ignorance,
I am new, I am new."

"Mr. Ambassador to Bonn,
Deutsch vielleicht verstehen Sie?"
"My *sine qua* is strictly *non,*
I confess regretfully."

Thus we send to represent
Men who cannot understand
What is said and what is meant
In a crucial foreign land,

While we solemnly consign
To an island in the sea
Our first and fittest in the line
Of major-league diplomacy.

—SEC

is exactly what you need after being subjected to mile after mile of clashing, clanging, commanding color combinations all crowding in to confuse and fatigue you. The pause that will refresh us the most is the chance to drive over roads where refreshment comes from seeing things not made by man."

The Hangman Can Relax

British genius for compromise has once again been demonstrated in the capital-punishment bill that has now been passed by both Lords and Commons. For several years the question of whether or not to hang murderers has agitated the country like no issue except the Suez adventure. Hanging, like kippers and kidney pie, has been part of the native tradition ever since the Anglo-Saxons introduced the practice. When the possibility of ending it became serious, abolitionists came out in heavy numbers to inveigh against the sadism of execution, while their opponents muttered darkly that to yield on this front would be to unravel the very fabric of Old England. "I believe it is a sign of a healthy conscience in a country," said the Lord Chief Justice, "if they are determined to avenge crime."

From this distance it is a little hard to understand the compromise that has finally been reached. A murderer who uses firearms or explosives will still be subject to hanging, but not one who poisons, chokes, beats, or otherwise dispatches his victims unless—and here the rules read like the directions for one of those board games—he has two or more to his credit or has been rash enough to do in a police officer. If the homicide is committed in the course of a theft, all exceptions are off and the scoundrel goes to the gallows, but somebody who merely gave an old lady poison the sooner to benefit by her will would be beyond the noose. In short, one civilian to a customer and no outright thievery.

With forty-two of our states regularly exacting a life for a life, however, we are in no position to be smug. The distinctions in the new British law may elude us, but it is still a long step toward the dictum of Sir Henry Wotton, who remarked centuries ago that hanging was the worst use a man could be put to.

Sense or Sensibility

"The Eisenhower men . . . see sharp distinctions between their thinking and that of the New Dealers. Part of the difference they see represents a state of mind. One top Presidential adviser illustrates the point with Mr. Eisenhower's school construction program: 'We went into it with tears in our eyes,' he says. 'The New Dealers would have done it with abandon.'"

—*The Wall Street Journal*

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To the Scientist and the Thoughtful Layman:

an Invitation

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Each month, the Club sends its free Science Report to members, giving a cogent analysis of the choice and the reasons for its selection. At that time, the member has the option of selecting or rejecting the book on a convenient return form which is always supplied.

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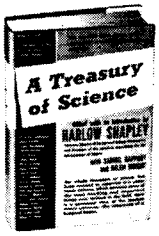

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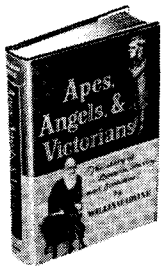

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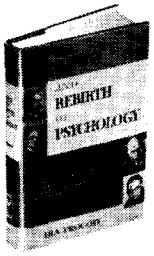

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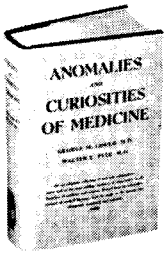

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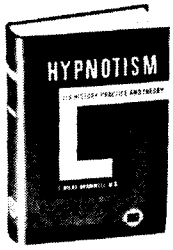

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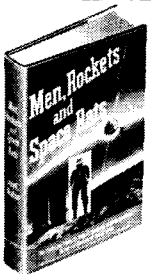

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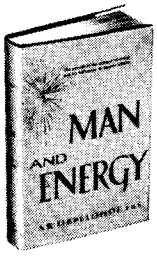

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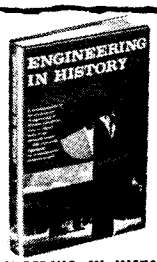

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CORRESPONDENCE

HOLLYWOOD

To the Editor: Robert Ardrey ("Hollywood's Fall into Virtue," *The Reporter*, February 21) contends that the swing to "conformity" and "virtue" is responsible for decreasing box-office receipts. I wonder if Mr. Ardrey considers "Baby Doll," "Tea and Sympathy," "Blackboard Jungle," "Man With the Golden Arm," "Waterfront," "From Here to Eternity," and "Streetcar Named Desire" in the categories of "conformity" and "virtue."

Mr. Ardrey worries about the debilitating effect of the Production Code on the fiber of Hollywood-produced pictures. But he admits that the Code posed no problems to the production of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," on which he did the screen play. Evidently the Code was not a weakening force in that case.

With regard to the second picture he cites, "They Knew What They Wanted," he makes the charge that there is no forgiveness for sins (in this case, adultery) under the Code. This is not true.

There have been any number of pictures in which adultery has been forgiven. To list a few: "September Affair," "David and Bathsheba," "Clash by Night," "Pitfall," "People Will Talk," "Swell Guy," and "Gaby." What the Code requires is some kind of retribution, suffering, or expiation of the sin—a cleansing of the sinner—before forgiveness. And this, according to the reviews, was the ending which Mr. Ardrey eventually and very successfully introduced into "They Knew What They Wanted."

Apparently, then, Mr. Ardrey has never had any real trouble with the Code. Furthermore, he must know that the Hollywood Code system has worked out as a very successful substitute for the system of official government censorship which exists in most other countries in the world, but which we in the United States have managed to escape so far. In such countries as Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Sweden, the producer admittedly is subject to no direct control when he produces his picture. But before it can be released to the theaters, some government bureau will decide whether it shall be licensed for general admission or restricted for adults only.

Here in the United States we do just the opposite. From the very beginning the theaters have been open to the whole family, without restriction. So it has become incumbent that pictures be acceptable for the mass audience to which our theaters cater—and to which they must continue to cater, if the movie business is to survive.

LOU GREENSPAN
Executive Secretary
Motion Picture Industry Council, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

To the Editor: As Mr. Ardrey points out, we cannot expect the medium of motion pictures to display artistic talents as long as it doesn't allow the use of unexpurgated masterpieces to enter its door. By cleansing these masterpieces, Hollywood removes the core of life from their very existence.

It is of utmost necessity that something be done to obliterate the thing that has shut the door on the masterpieces of literature. As we learn from Mr. Ardrey's article, it is not television that is killing Hollywood but Hollywood itself.

I, for one, hope that there are others who will join in demanding a revision of the Hollywood Code in order that it might work for art rather than against it.

ROBERT E. JONES
Richmond, California

PHILADELPHIA

To the Editor: Philadelphians are grateful to Hannah Lees for her article "Making Our Cities Fit to Live In" (*The Reporter*, February 21). In using our city to illustrate the dilemma facing all cities she properly stressed the point that even if Philadelphia's programs for urban renewal were soon to be accomplished, "they wouldn't do more than nibble at the problem our outmoded cities are up against."

The problem is universal. Everyone wants to end blight, to cure generations of neglect, to plan for present and future urban needs, but most cities—Philadelphia included—still fearful of the size of the problem, are settling for bits and pieces instead of boldly fashioning a total renewal program. Of course the cities can't solve their renewal problems apart from their regions. Of course the cities will need Federal aid on a vastly increased scale. Of course there should be a Federal Department of Urban Affairs with Cabinet status. Of course a whole complex of municipal administrative agencies, boards, and commissions must be reorganized into a workable whole. Of course there's Federal red tape. Of course it's complicated. But none of the obstacles are insuperable, provided we recognize that the future of the American city, the habitat of most Americans, is at stake.

DOROTHY S. MONTGOMERY
Managing Director
Philadelphia Housing Association

To the Editor: Miss Lees's article dwells at length on the problems of housing in our cities. This is a major concern but only a part of the total picture, for the question before us is not whether steps for the removal of slums and for better housing precede or follow the over-all removal of blight and provision for industrial and commercial reconstruction and expansion. The greater question, and the only sound approach, is for the renewal of our city in each of these phases, in balance one with the other. While our people must have better housing, more open space, greater educational and recreational facilities, and better and new channels for cultural advancement, housing per se does not answer the problems of urban blight. A stronger economy, balanced and sound industrial development, proper commercial growth, and the securing of the position of the city as the focus or hub of the cultural, social, and economic endeavors which it houses are the tools which must be employed to do the total job.

In the case of Philadelphia, however important Eastwick is—and its importance is beyond question—the most significant efforts which we are undertaking are the renewal of the central city, the construction of our far-reaching expressway systems and handling of traffic and transportation problems, the growth of our port, and industrial and commercial promotion, all going hand in hand with improved housing; and again, not alone low-income or public housing projects, but that housing which makes a far greater impact upon our economic and social life in providing, through private investment, adequate housing for all our people. This is not to disparage public housing or to reflect upon our needs for increased allocations of Federal moneys to encourage low-cost housing. Rather, it is to assert that the economic base of our people must be so improved through a better economy as to place the acquisition of desirable middle-income private housing within their resources.

If Miss Lees's article is intended to discuss some of the things which make for the improvement of our cities, it is just fine. On the other hand, if it is intended to describe the whole problem, it falls a bit short of its mark, for the problem is both larger and deeper than stated in her work.

ALBERT M. GREENFIELD
Chairman
City Planning Commission
Philadelphia

EAST IS EAST . . .

To the Editor: For the kind story on my paper ("The Iconoclast of Petal, Mississippi," *The Reporter*, March 21) my humble thanks to both you and Al Vorspan. Tell me, what's an iconoclast? Is there any money in it?

P. D. EAST
Editor, *The Petal Paper*
Petal, Mississippi

(Iconoclasm is its own reward.—M.A.)

●

APOLOGY TO BROOKHATTAN

One of the small art cuts that appeared in the January 24 issue of *The Reporter* in connection with "The World of Jimmy Hoffa—I" by Paul Jacobs showed a loaded truck labeled "Brookhattan," a name the artist thought fictitious. We promptly heard from Mr. Herbert E. Simpson, president of the Brookhattan Trucking Company, Inc., with offices at 57 Front Street, New York, who assured us that the name was a very real one indeed. Nothing was further from our intention than to offend a firm whose existence was utterly unknown to us.

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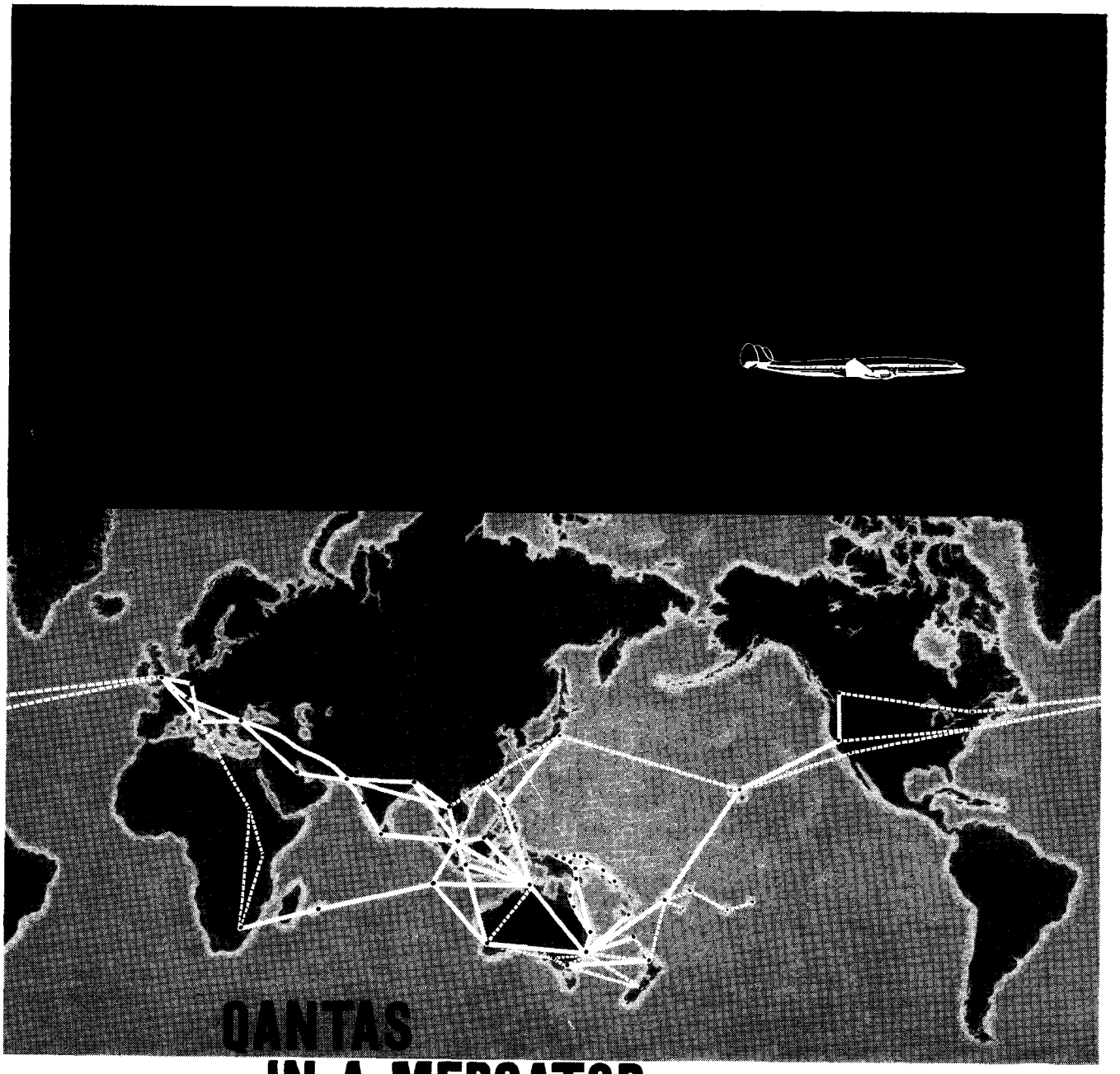

IN A MERCATOR (OR GROSSLY UNFAIR) WORLD

The Mercator projection of the world is very popular. This does not make it right. Greenland, you will note, looks bigger than Australia where actually it is neither anywhere near as large nor nearly as stimulating.

Gerardus Mercator invented this map in 1559 so that navigators could determine true directions from one continent to another without having to stop and ask farmers. And in all fairness Mercator didn't really *know* about Australia, he only suspected its existence. He called it "Terra Incognita Australis," a condition we are trying very hard to rectify.

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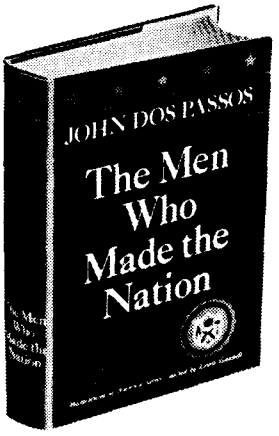

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AS A NOTE (March 7) pointed out, the President recently repeated the words "United Nations" fifty-three times in a twenty-two minute speech—and once got mixed up and caught himself in time to correct what sounded like "United Stations." **Max Ascoli's** editorial analyzes how far this tendency to confuse the U.N. and the U.S. has gone and argues that the confusion is more than verbal. **Harlan Cleveland** scarcely needs an introduction because of his long association with our magazine. At present he is Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. In this issue he examines the World Bank, and discusses a little-known project now under study by the Bank. Should this project come to fruition, a number of goals would be reached at one and the same time. The Arab nations would join together for mutual help, and would dedicate their energies to promoting their peoples' welfare. A goodly part of the $200 million recently voted by Congress could contribute to the economic development of the Middle East region as a whole. Eventually, the non-Arab nations in the Middle East could join the club. To the whole setup the World Bank would contribute the invaluable benefit of its experience. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** describes its present head, a solid citizen who has done an outstanding job running it. Of course Mr. Black has his critics. He is said to be too conservative a banker. But the Bank's success shows that he has probably learned more about the economic affairs of the world than has Mr. Humphrey about the economic affairs of our nation.

TITO and Titoism have managed to remain very much in the public mind ever since the famous break with Stalin in 1948. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean Correspondent, traveled to Belgrade and sends us a firsthand report. The Yugoslav people are still having a hard time, and Titoism is more than ever a sore spot in the Communist world. . . . Here in New York there is so much talk about the poor quality of the public schools that we are happy to publish an article on a rather unusual public school that is doing an exceptionally good job. **May Natalie Tabak's** children's book, *A Fish Is Not a Pet,* will be published this year by Whittlesey House. . . . Although every metropolitan area must face problems of its own, much can be learned from the solutions that Toronto has worked out for itself in a region that presents many of the same problems that face any metropolitan area in the United States. **Robert Bendiner,** Contributing Editor, has just returned from a visit to Toronto, where he talked to the most qualified people. What he says about the success of Toronto's Metro authority is striking because that organization got started only three years ago.

Tom Armstrong came to Westport, Connecticut, where he draws and writes, from Texas via California, where he worked in the Disney Studios. He has driven the four-wheeled monsters he writes about all over the United States. . . . **Christine Weston,** short-story writter and novelist, gives us a second installment of her "Excerpts from an Indian Journal." . . . **Lois Phillips Hudson** is a young California housewife. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is New York editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Gordon A. Craig** is now on leave from Princeton at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, California. . . . **Ralph Russell** is a New York free-lance writer and editor. . . . **Gore Vidal,** author of the Broadway hit *A Visit to a Small Planet,* wrote the screen play for MGM's forthcoming movie on the Dreyfus case.

Our cover, an impression of public buildings in Belgrade, is by **Carol Hamann.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

It's More Than a Freudian Slip

By now it has become much more than a habit or a Freudian slip: People in high places from the President down think "United States" and say "United Nations." Or vice versa. The first word, "United," seems to invite the casual use of either "States" or "Nations," and the names of the two institutions have become somewhat interchangeable, as if there were a similarity both of name and of substance between the United Nations and the United States.

For more than six months, ever since the Suez crisis started, our government has been acting as if its capacity to conduct foreign affairs had been crippled by some extreme Bricker Amendment. Whenever there is a crisis in the Middle East the President quickly tells us not to worry, for Dag Hammarskjöld is taking care of it. Only in the realm of general principles are our leaders eager to take a stand. But as far as the Middle East is concerned, and assuming the Red Army stays put so as not to set the Eisenhower Doctrine in motion, it is up to the world organization to decide the course of American diplomacy. We have come full circle: The U.N. acts for the U.S., and the U.S. is the custodian of universalism-at-large.

As a result we now have the United States exposed to a serious loss of prestige, and the United Nations to irreparable damage. The power of our country gives its leaders a large margin for error. The flying trips of John Foster Dulles can end in failure, and actually there have been so many flights and so many failures that one gets tired of keeping the score. Yet our nation is still a great nation, rightly respected and feared by Soviet Russia, and Secretary Dulles is forever ready to embark on new journeys and parleys. But there is no such safety net beneath Dag Hammarskjöld's adventures in peacemaking. He is just a brave lonely man, the nominal head of a nominal organization whose nature is at best symbolic.

Symbolic—it scarcely need be added—does not, by any stretch of the imagination, mean phony. Certainly a great deal of empty universalism and empty talk goes on at the U.N. under the sponsorship of the U.S. But what the U.N. actually symbolizes is something extraordinarily real and vital. The most deep-rooted, long-cherished hopes of men to find some measure of security and peace are compelling now as never before in history because all nations and races have become unprecedentedly close to each other and dependent on each other, while the political and technical skills, once available to the few lucky ones, have turned out to be accessible to all.

Of this reality the institution called U.N. is the symbol. To make the best use of this, as of any other symbol, we must first of all know the span and the limits of its effectiveness. This is no abstruse matter, for what is money—to all of us a sure token of reality—if not a symbol of wealth?

What threatens the United Nations now may truly be called a wanton credit inflation, largely determined by our government's policy of giving blanket underwriting to all promissory notes of the U.N. General Assembly. This is why this very serious, very real institution whose structure is still so frail, is now exposed to mortal peril.

Ever since it was founded at San Francisco, it has been known that the U.N. could not survive a war recklessly started by any major power. But until the Suez crisis it was difficult to imagine that the U.N. could be put in the greatest jeopardy by the tendency of those who lead the most powerful democracy to use it as a shield for their indecisiveness.

It is somewhat consoling to learn, from the two articles that follow, that there is an independent agency of the U.N.—the World Bank—that is doing good work, and bringing solid, concrete improvement in the condition of too long underprivileged peoples. Indeed, the World Bank might even help the leaders of the Arab League to do something sensible in the interest of their own nations and ultimately of the Middle Eastern region.

Probably one of the main reasons why the World Bank has done so well is its freedom from the principle of "one nation, one vote" that is bedeviling the General Assembly. Or it may just be that the internationalism of bankers, engineers, and economists has proved to be more effective than that of the politicians.

Eugene Black, who is from Wall Street and has never stopped thinking and acting like a banker, has no use for prospective creditors who are likely to remain hopelessly insolvent. As a banker to the world he wouldn't dream of submitting his credit policies to the majority opinion of predominantly bankrupt governments.

Yet Mr. Dulles has fallen into the habit of doing exactly this through his reliance on the General Assembly of the U.N.—an assembly where a large number of governments represented lack either the support of popular will, or solvency, or the capacity for self-defense. In fact, several of these governments lack all three aptitudes. But our Administration has decided that at least on Middle Eastern affairs the Assembly is a co-equal branch of the U.S. government and its decisions are the law.

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A New Aid Plan For the Middle East

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE MAIN PROBLEM in the Middle East is not Israel. In the quiet of private conversation, Israel's own leaders will tell you that peace, a settlement, and Israel's very survival depend on the growth of stable and progressive leadership for the forty million Arabs among whom live fewer than two million Israelis. Long before there is peace or a settlement, there will have to be a change of mood. The more the Arab leaders concentrate on their internal problems, the less they will go on flogging the dead horse of colonialism or assuring each other of their intent to push the Israelis into the sea. This is why devices to promote economic development are a necessary part of U.S. policy. It is also why Americans should take note of a little-known idea that has recently captured the imagination of influential Arab leaders.

Their aim is to create a regional bank for economic development in the Middle East, and thus to provide the Arab world with a constructive focus for its energies. If the idea takes hold, it may also provide the State Department's new Special Ambassador, former Representative James P. Richards of South Carolina, with a way to use some part of the $200 million of economic aid that has been voted to carry out the Eisenhower Doctrine.

Nationalism vs. Regionalism

In no area of the "underdeveloped" world is there so strong a case for a regional approach. The crucial problem in the Middle East is how to bring enough water to parched land; and the solutions engineers prescribe generally cross several of the "national" boundaries that history has left behind. Most of the keys to the area's economic growth are "regional," involving two or three or more of the nations crowded into Asia Minor and the northeastern corner of Africa. The isolated economic development of any of these nations is patently unsound.

Even before Mr. Dulles snuffed out the negotiations to finance Egypt's High Dam at Aswan, the whole Aswan enterprise had been stalled by the failure of the Egyptians and the Sudanese to get together on a division of the Nile's precious waters or even to consult the Ethiopians, who control the Blue Nile.

For more than three years now Eric Johnston has been commuting to the Middle East as President Eisenhower's personal representative, trying in his patient and optimistic way to get agreement on the division of the waters of the Jordan River and its tributary, the Yarmuk. At the end of 1955 he thought he had a deal; but at the last moment Syria's leaders balked.

Now Jordan is talking about diverting water for a canal running down the eastern side of the river, and the Israelis are determined to divert some of the same waters into Israel. Both nations would be better off under the Johnston Plan. A regional bank might provide the Israelis with a responsible opposite number in the negotiations so that the chances of agreement—at least in that sector—would be improved.

TAKING the region as a whole, there are plenty of economically feasible places for the nine hundred thousand Arab refugees now marking time around the periphery of Israel to settle. There is room in the vast reaches of northern Syria and in dry but potentially fertile areas of Iraq. But the development of these areas, especially of those in Syria, would require capital from the outside.

The Suez Canal, a regional problem if there ever was one, will shortly need a more constructive type of development than raising the ships that the Egyptians have sunk there. One of the Six Principles adopted by the U.N. Security Council during the Suez crisis decreed that "A fair proportion of the dues should be allotted to development." The word "development" presumably means the long-discussed plan to deepen and widen the channel to take ships of thirty-six-foot draft. This plan, together with a possible revival of the Aswan project and the crying need for land reform and agricultural improvement, would make a full agenda of activity for the Egyptian leaders if they elected to give such projects a higher priority than buying arms and investing in round-the-clock radio agitation throughout the Moslem world.

The Middle East abounds with other development schemes, most of them the result of painstaking research by local technicians and western advisers—all held up by lack of sufficient political cohesion to get something started.

The Money Is There

There is, moreover, plenty of hard money in the Middle East to finance regional development. If a small fraction of the existing oil royalties were available for economic projects, there would be more than enough for an impressive effort, considering the severe limitations imposed by technical and administrative difficulties and by the need to train

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people and change ancient customs.

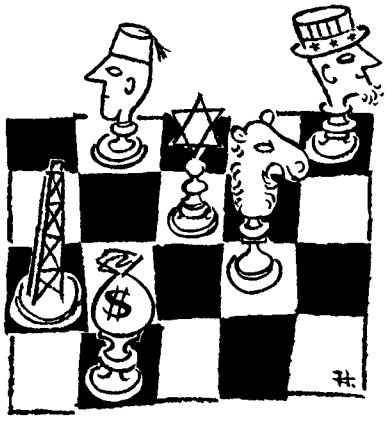
According to pre-crisis estimates, Kuwait, a tiny wedge of sand that practically floats on the largest proven oil reserves in the world, expected to receive $310 million in oil royalties during 1956. Saudi Arabia, a close second, aimed at some $300 million. Iraq, whose oil boom resulted from British efforts to make up for the loss of Iranian crude oil back in the days of Mossadegh, expected about $230 million. With Iran up to $150 million in royalties, and the small principalities of Qatar and Bahrein adding their bit, the total royalties last year figured close to a billion dollars. They will be greater, perhaps several times greater, in the years to come. Even ten or twenty per cent of these rapidly growing earnings would finance a program of regional development that might in five years bring a radical change in the political atmosphere of the Arab world.

Within its own borders one of the oil countries, Iraq, has already begun to show what can be done by plowing oil revenues back into its own economic growth. Seventy per cent of Iraqi royalties are earmarked by law for development—roads, buildings, power stations, and especially for dams and ditches. Back in 1950 Iraq got started on flood control on that historic pair of rampaging rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates—partly financed by a World Bank loan. Now the government of Nuri es Saïd has a five-year plan of extraordinary dimensions. Of Iraq's total land area of 112 million acres, nineteen million are arable but only three million are cultivated. By the early 1960's, the Iraqi government plans to bring into cultivation six million acres more—twice its present farming area.

The oil revenues should continue to increase, after the Suez interruption, for many years to come. It would obviously be good for some of these funds to be devoted to constructive projects in the Middle East, instead of being hoarded in New York or London banks or used to furnish the world with a few regal examples of conspicuous consumption. From the point of view of the kings and sheiks the stakes are very high. To invest some of their vast revenues in productive development of the turbulent "have-not" countries of the area may be the only way to make sure they continue to enjoy their regal benefits. In recent weeks a choked Suez Canal and blown-up pipelines in Syria have certainly provided a dramatic object lesson in Middle Eastern interdependence.

The proposed Middle East Development Bank would have to be capitalized, of course, by small subscriptions from all the member countries. (The "have-not" Arab countries like Egypt will presumably insist that the initial ante be kept small; if the ante is too large, it will be too expensive for the countries without oil to buy into the club and apply for its loans.) While acting as conduit, controller, and supervisor, the Bank might draw much larger amounts of capital from such sources as the Middle Eastern governments that get oil royalties; from the oil companies themselves, which might be quite ready to invest in the stability of the area in which they do business; from the World Bank, which could either lend money to the regional bank or associate itself in the financing of projects sponsored by the regional organization; from some fraction of Suez Canal revenues; and from some part of the U.S. grants or loans voted for economic development in the Middle East.

The history of this idea provides an interesting example of the power



of informal diplomacy. The idea of a regional-development bank started in 1952 with a memorandum by an American official who was not even working on Middle Eastern affairs at the time. It rated a page of questions and answers in that year's Congressional hearings, then died of State Department opposition and the torpor of a Presidential election year. But a newsletter published by the Middle East Institute in Washington spread the germ by reporting the proposal in October, 1952. The newsletter version of the plan apparently excited the interest of some members of the Arab League, and the following year the idea was played back in a League resolution to establish a regional-development institution. This January the World Bank sent, at the League secretariat's request, suggested improvements in the secretariat's draft charter for a regional fund.

There is no reason why a regional bank, even if started as an expression of "Arab nationalism," should not come to include other nations that are in the Middle East and do not happen to be Arab. The Turks, the Iranians, the Sudanese, and eventually even the Israelis are natural candidates for participation, once political troubles are no longer quite so troublesome. The energies of Arab leaders provide a logical starting point.

Who Would Run It?

From any point of view—that of the Arabs, or the World Bank, or the United States—the crucial question about the proposed Middle East Development Bank is how it would be managed. Whoever put money into such a scheme would have to be reasonably sure the plan would afford a good prospect of competent, honest, and nonpolitical direction; permit decisions to be made with reasonable efficiency; and satisfy those who put up the money that it would be used for agreed purposes, not diverted into public waste or private enrichment.

Moreover, the new bank would have to gain acceptance and support in the Middle Eastern countries as an institution of their own. For this reason, it should be entirely separate from U.S. Embassies and American aid missions in the area. But it would be equally fruitless to depend on the regular United Nations specialized agencies—the World Health Organization, the Food and Agriculture Organization, UNESCO—or the Technical Assistance Administration. These agencies, by and large, provide only technical aid, having no investment funds

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for basic equipment, and they are simply not organized to tackle the kinds of problems that the Middle East is facing.

They were set up on the theory that each agency would conduct a world-wide functional program—the WHO killing mosquitoes all over the world, the FAO promoting seed selection and the use of fertilizer in every agricultural country, and so forth. But as it turned out, the important types of co-ordination had to do with relating health to agriculture to industry to education in a single country's development program, or within a region, not with the day-to-day co-ordination of malaria-control efforts in Sardinia, Egypt, and Indonesia.

A few tentative steps have been taken by the central secretariat of the United Nations to pull together the specialized agencies and their technical-aid programs. But even with the U.N. co-ordinators now stationed in each major recipient country, the agencies are much too jealously conscious of their independence to permit effective direction of their program by the Secretary-General's office. The U.N. is thus not in a position, without a major reorganization, to merge its technical-assistance efforts with a regional program of capital investment in the Middle East.

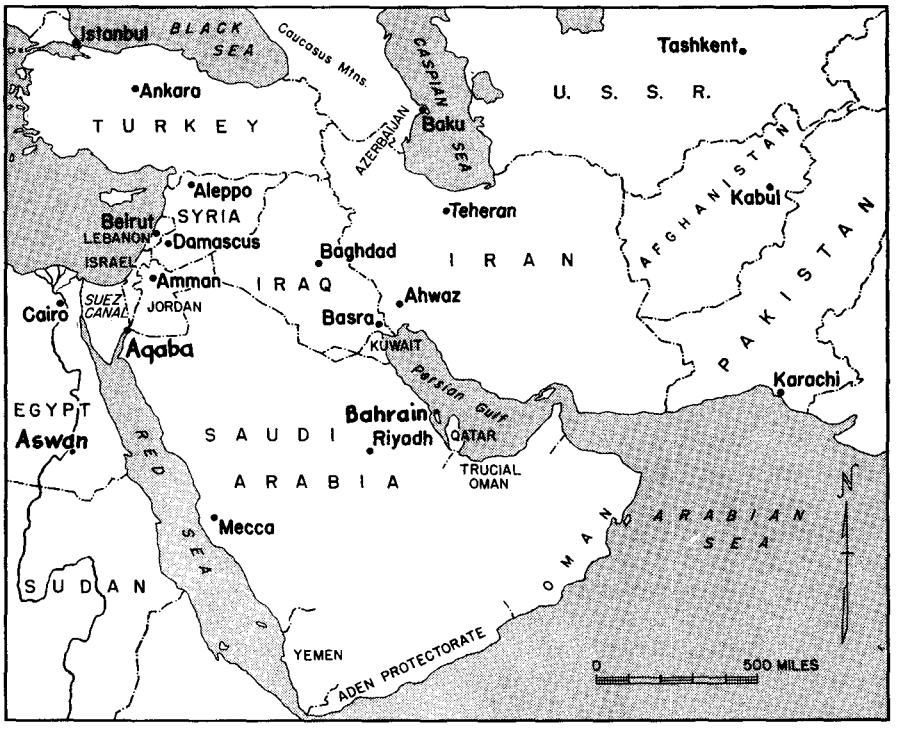
There are valid objections, not only to the existing technical-assistance setup but also to the current proposal to establish a Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development, a global-investment agency to be known as SUNFED. This enterprise, proposed as a vehicle for channeling more grants and "soft loans" into the underdeveloped areas, would be run by a board equally representing donors and recipients. Moreover, SUNFED would evidently rely on annual contributions from its members, a system that retains at the international level, multiplied by several dozen nations, the evil of dependence on annual Congressional appropriations in our U.S. aid programs.

In the World Bank's Footsteps

In thinking about a Middle East Development Bank, the lessons from the experience of the World Bank are the most pertinent ones. For one thing, the World Bank charter shows the way to a system of financing that is not tied to year-by-year appropriations from the U.S. Congress. The United States puts up some capital for the World Bank but, even more important, it puts its credit behind the bonds which the Bank sells in the New York and other markets. Naturally Congress has the right to keep American participation in the World Bank's operations under review, to make sure it continues to be in our national interest. But four or five committees of Congress don't have to wrestle with themselves each year to remake the decision that we *will* participate and for how much. The World Bank can therefore underwrite long-term projects such as dams and power plants that cannot be sensibly financed on a year-to-year basis.

Within the limitations of its sources of funds and its consequent insistence on "sound," businesslike loans repayable in the currency in which they are made, the World Bank has certainly been the most successful of the international organizations created during or since the Second World War. Perhaps the chief reason for this success has been strong management. Unlike most other international organizations, the Bank has been run by its president, not by a committee and subcommittees of national representatives. And even for those major decisions of policy which have to be referred to the member governments, the experience of the Bank has demonstrated that an international organization does not necessarily have to be run like the General Assembly of the United Nations—one country, one vote. The system of weighted voting that prevails in the Bank's board of governors and in its board of executive directors gives more votes to the countries that put up most of the capital; yet since every member puts up some capital, every member has some say. The sovereign equality of all nations is preserved, but decisions are made too.

THE World Bank operates on the theory that projects on which it makes loans should fit into some rational country-development program. If the country applying for a loan doesn't have such a program, the Bank will sometimes send out a mission to help draw one up, and to help the country make efficient use of the resources it already has. Historians of this remarkable enterprise may record that the World Bank's help to countries in taking inventory of all their resources and trying to allocate them most efficiently has been even more important in promoting economic growth



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than the money it has loaned. Yet this technical aid must be tied to the lending power; if the Bank didn't have the money to help carry out its own advice, the advice would seldom be sought.

If the World Bank is so effective an agency, why not simply encourage it to operate more vigorously in the Middle East itself? The Bank could, to be sure, sell some of its bonds to the oil kings and sheiks. And the World Bank could itself finance more projects in the area; it was actively planning to participate in the Aswan deal right up to the day the West dropped it. But there are certain difficulties in direct operations by the World Bank.

Several of the Middle Eastern countries—Saudi Arabia, Libya, the Sudan, Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain, Oman, and Yemen—are not members of the World Bank. The first three may soon join the club, but most of the others, not being fully sovereign countries, cannot properly become members. Many of the fundamental problems to be tackled are truly regional in character. The Bank is rightly regarded by most Middle Eastern leaders as an outside institution in which they have little voice. Most important, perhaps, a regional institution could do a good deal more to develop trained leaders from the area for service in the area, and could serve more effectively than a bank with headquarters in Washington as a regional center of economic planning and initiative.

If a regional institution that the Arab nations can feel is their own is put together, the World Bank can perform a uniquely useful service: It can guide the regional bank in its operations, find efficient executives for it, lend it money, and supervise on behalf of the United States any American grant or loan funds that might be voted. This would be a new field, but a quite appropriate one, for the World Bank—it would be serving for the first time as an international *public management agent*. The resulting regional bank might thus start as an indigenous Arab institution but with the advantage of experienced management unrelated to political control from any outside power. As it continued to grow, other nations might easily and naturally become involved in its activities.

What's in It for Us?

If a Middle East Development Bank can be established, it may prove to be the best channel for U.S. aid to the Arab countries that join up. But some Americans may raise an eyebrow, or even a full-throated roar, at the idea of working with an international agency. Won't we lose our bargaining power?

The bargain we are really after is to get the richer Arab countries to invest some of their revenues in economic stability and progress for the region as a whole, and to persuade all of them, rich and poor, to direct their efforts toward orderly internal development rather than international agitation and a game of Russian roulette played with weapons loaded by Moscow. The use of our aid for these purposes is a fairly attractive proposition from the Arabs' viewpoint too. But they will not agree to it, in their present or predictable mood, if there is the slightest odor of "western imperialist intervention" about it.

The institution that advises, collaborates, and participates with them at every stage in the regional-development program must be one clearly dedicated to their interests. Some of its key staff members might be non-Arabs, nationals of the United States or other western countries. But the aid agency would have to be involved in those domestic decisions of its members which would affect the development program—decisions about national budgets, major appointments, and relations with other Arab countries concerned.

Such intervention in government operations is a task too delicate to be entrusted in a sensitive country to an official, however tactful he might be, who represents an "outside" nation with overwhelming military strength. The World Bank's experience here is most instructive. There are many cases in its brief history of U.S. staff members who became trusted advisers in underdeveloped countries because, as representatives of an international agency, it was clear that they had no ax to grind.

There is another good reason, too, for judicious self-effacement on our part when it comes to promoting economic development in the Middle East. The U.S. government is an increasingly active protagonist in Middle Eastern politics, with certain interests and objectives (regarding Israel, regarding oil and its shipment to western Europe, regarding the place of the Soviet Union in the scheme of things) that are highly controversial in every Arab country.

These other interests of ours are not at all inconsistent with our basic interest in peace, stability, and economic progress for the region, but they are qualitatively different, and much less fully shared by even the friendliest Arab leaders. For us to insist on pinning a national tag on our participation in Middle East development would not improve the prospects for achieving our more controversial aims, but would only extend the controversy into the area of general agreement.

There is of course no guarantee that a Middle East Development Bank would help make real progress in bringing about the political and institutional changes on which a regional peace depends. Economic growth is no automatic cure; yet in the Arab lands as elsewhere, the very process of working on development plans is ideal training for leadership.

All things considered, the State Department would do well to offer up a silent prayer that the men within the Arab League who want to bring into being a regional bank will succeed in convincing their more hotheaded comrades that the idea is a good way to get some dividends for all concerned out of turning Arab nationalism to constructive purposes.

In the Middle East, we can no longer react irritably, as Franklin Roosevelt is said to have reacted when a Middle Eastern problem was placed on his desk: "Can't you get the British to do something?" Our decisions about the institutions through which economic development takes place in the Middle East are very apt to determine whether the Arabs will work with us or against us.

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Eugene Black, Banker to the World

DOUGLASS CATER

WHEN Eugene R. Black came to the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development ten years ago, he seemed an unlikely administrator of international do-goodism. A middle-aged banker and the son of a banker, born and reared in the Deep South, he had spent the early part of his career tending the bond portfolio in the Chase National Bank. His main contact with foreign affairs had been during the 1920's—as a salesman for foreign bonds, many of which subsequently went sour. Banker Black had a big name on Wall Street, which was why he was sent for. But nobody expected him to set the World Bank on fire.

Black has come a long way since then. There is difference of opinion about whether he has come far or fast enough, but within the Bank the difference appears to be of fairly limited range. "We've learned a lot in the past ten years," remarked one member of the Bank's staff. "The bankers in this business have become a great deal more liberal and the liberals a great deal more bankerish." Black, it is pretty generally agreed, has managed to combine boldness of policy with sound banking practice.

THE World Bank has scored successes both on Wall Street and abroad. It has extended approximately $3 billion in loans for more than five hundred development projects in forty-four countries, ranging from a power dam in Rhodesia to a steel mill in India. Development loans are being granted at the rate of approximately $400 million annually, and not one penny has been defaulted. On the contrary, the Bank earned about $35 million on its investments last year.

As a successful financial venture, the Bank has repeatedly gone into the private market to sell its own bonds, so far raising over $1 billion in this way. It has brought in more than $300 million from private participants in its various projects, not counting sizable participation by the recipient countries.

Black, a tall, slender man with a high bald head and the courtly mannerism of his native Georgia, has not been satisfied to run an ordinary banking operation. Teams from the World Bank have helped map out detailed planning programs for member countries, some of which have not even sought a loan. The Bank has fostered several national development banks to carry on more intensive work. Last summer an affiliate, the International Finance Corporation, was set up to supply venture capital for private development projects. (The Bank is limited by its charter to straight loans guaranteed by a member country.)

Wide World

Eugene R. Black

With restless energy, Black has played a fascinating if unsuccessful backstage role during several of the Middle East crises, trying as an honest broker to mediate some of the economic disputes. Under him the Bank shows few signs of growing stodgy as it moves into its second decade. Its two hundred professional employees have succeeded remarkably in building an enterprise that is not influenced by narrow nationalistic motives but tries to apply the same objective standards to all the cases that come before it.

From White to Black

Not all the credit belongs to Black. There is a goodly portion due the Bank's founders. Born in 1944, the Bank has been described by the London *Observer* as "a characteristically Rooseveltian institution: that is, a fascinatingly ambivalent blend of the revolutionary and the conventional, bold but tentative in conception, a little vague, a little self-contradictory even, but also flexible and capable of organic growth." Actually, the Bank was an afterthought at the Bretton Woods Conference, whose primary purpose was the creation of the International Monetary Fund to try to bring some order into the jungle of international currency practices. "It's all very simple," said John Maynard Keynes, in differentiating between the two institutions, "if you understand that the Bank is a fund and the Fund is a bank." In fact, the International Monetary Fund was to be the source from which a dollar-hungry world would satisfy its requirements. Of the two, it was the object of greater interest and controversy at the time.

It is ironic that the Bank, like the Fund, was to a large degree the brain child of Harry Dexter White, the U.S. Treasury official who has been posthumously accused of being a Communist traitor. Last summer, during a discussion of the Bank in the House of Commons, a Labour M.P. remarked wryly, "No one can accuse Harry Dexter White of fathering an un-American institution." The Bank's charter was firmly dedicated to creative capitalism, and one of its basic purposes was "to promote private foreign investment." Though its shareholders were to be governments, with the initial capitalization coming from public funds, the Bank was to be run on business principles, dispensing loans only for sound, credit-worthy projects. Its success depended on its ability to go into the private marketplace for additional funds.

It was organized with hardheaded

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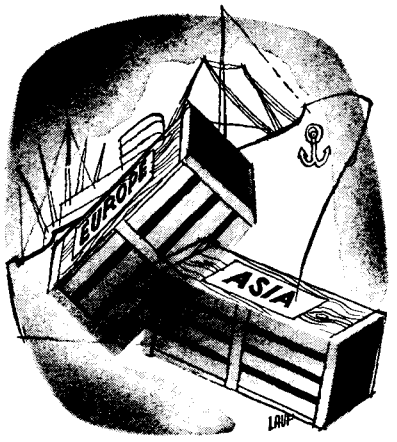


realism. Instead of the one-nation-one-vote rule that has been the curse of many international organizations, the Bank allotted voting control according to the capital investment made by its members. The United States, committed to $3.2 billion of the $10 billion capitalization (only twenty per cent has to be paid in), holds thirty per cent of the voting power on the board of executive directors. With the aid of Canada, Britain, and one or two others, an easy working majority can be whipped together. Not surprisingly, the Soviet Union has never shown the slightest inclination to join such an outfit.

Weighted voting made it possible to attract the United States and the other countries that had to supply the bulk of the capital; skillful leadership on the part of successive Bank presidents has so far made a roll-call vote unnecessary. The first of them, Eugene Meyer, who opened the Bank's doors in 1946, fought and resigned after six months to force a showdown over the issue of whether the Bank would be run by its officers or by its directors. John J. McCloy, who followed him, succeeded in winning for the president and his assistants a degree of independent authority uncommon in private banks, and even less common in international agencies.

By the time Black took over as president in 1949, the Bank had firmly eschewed the course of political horse trading among its members that would have quickly led to its demise. In effect, Black and the three vice-presidents are the final judges on every loan.

Another advantage the Bank enjoyed during its early years was the fact that it was relieved by the Marshall Plan from the first of its two major missions—postwar reconstruction—which had quickly absorbed a half billion dollars of its funds without making a visible contribution to Europe's recovery.

Though reconstruction had proved too big a job, there was plenty left to do. The Bank's second mission was "to assist its member countries to raise production levels and living standards by helping to finance long-term productive projects, by providing technical assistance, and by stimulating international investment from other sources."

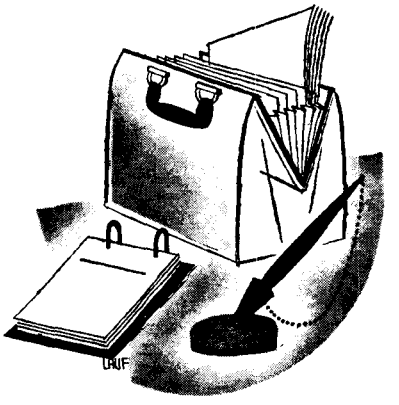
A Sense of Mission

When Black was persuaded to come down to Washington in 1947 as U.S. Executive Director of the Bank, it was primarily to do what he knew best—sell bonds. But he quickly discovered that floating issues of this particular organization's bonds was not precisely the same kind of operation he was used to. In the first place, the bonds were not salable in most states in this country. Special statutes had to be enacted to allow insurance companies, banks, and trusts to buy World Bank securities. Black had to tour the country urging and cajoling governors and legislators. In Massachusetts, one legislator finally yielded with the admonition, "I don't know much about banks or bonds, but you look like an honest fellow. I'll support this bill if you'll promise you'll never lend a damn cent to Britain." (Postscript: Far from lending Britain anything, the Bank has borrowed ten million pounds sterling by selling its bonds in Britain.)

Within a year, Black, an extremely persuasive salesman, had managed to get enough states to go along so that he could market the Bank's first offering of $250 million. To date, eleven issues have been floated in this country and twelve abroad. His colleagues agree that Black shows an uncanny skill in the strategy and timing of this delicate work.

But it was because Black had shown himself to be something more than a bond salesman that in 1949 he was chosen to succeed McCloy, who had been named U.S. High Commissioner in Germany. Somewhere along the line, Black had acquired a sense of mission. According to his associates, it can be simply defined: He holds doggedly to the conviction that the economic development of the vast areas of the world that are euphemistically labeled "underdeveloped" is a good thing in itself, quite apart from considerations of commercial advantage for the United States or political gain in the fight against Communism. For a man of fundamental conservatism who would not vote for Franklin Roosevelt, this conviction has stood firm in the face of dilemmas that have wrecked more subtle philosophies. It has enabled him to translate a banker's orthodoxy into a gospel of action. It has made Black by degrees an economic planner and even an advocate of land reform.

THE ROOTS of this conviction are to be found in Black's heritage. He is the grandson of Henry W. Grady, early editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* and a zealot in promoting the



"New South's" drive toward recovery after the Civil War. Black concedes, somewhat diffidently, that his own awareness of the lingering problems of Reconstruction has made him sympathetic to the plight of backward people everywhere. It has also given him a clear understanding that the way to economic progress is long and uncertain, and that it can best be traveled by taking first things first. The Bank has religiously directed its loans to the fundamentals of a country's economy: electric power, the transportation system, agriculture and forestry, basic industry. It has avoided investments for the kind of projects that might yield quick profits but would contribute little to steady growth.

But Black's sympathy is not to be

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confused with softheadedness. With a stubbornness that would do credit to a small-town banker, he has held to two principles: that the Bank must be paid back, and that the project, in and of itself, must be a sound one. "We don't want our name linked with failures around the world," he states flatly.

Adherence to these principles has roused considerable fury at times. The Bank turned down a loan to the Philippines despite great pressure from the State Department. It told Cuba that no aid would be forthcoming until it straightened out its finances. Cuba refused, and at the last meeting of the board of governors the Cuban delegate openly accused Black of subscribing to policies that violated the Bank's basic purpose. Several Latin-American countries share this feeling.

But Black has stood firm. "I've found that no money is sometimes more effective than money," he has remarked. "A loan may enable a country to defer doing what it should do." Some countries have been told quite frankly that their development plans were too ambitious and would have to be scaled down. He is basically skeptical of attempts to "build Pittsburghs" in a country that still needs to mechanize its farming.

There are other projects, Black admits, that cannot qualify for bank loans even though they are desperately needed. These include the broad group falling in the category of social development—schools, housing, health facilities—which, though essential to a country's economic progress, are not "productive projects." Some form of direct grant is the only way to meet these needs, he argues.

BLACK has taken very seriously the Bank's mandate to promote private investment. He has insisted that borrower countries settle old debts as a prerequisite for Bank credit. Last fall he engaged in an exchange of letters with T. T. Krishnamachari, India's Minister of Finance, on the subject of Bank participation in India's second Five-Year Plan. "While I recognize that the Government of India itself must play an important role in India's economic development," wrote Black, "I have the distinct impression that the potentialities of private enterprise are commonly underestimated in India and that its operations are subjected to unnecessary restrictions there." To this rather blunt admonition, Krishnamachari replied acidly: "We are, of course, not convinced that the motive of private profit is the only one which can insure efficient operation of an industry; nor do we believe that private enterprise is inherently superior to State enterprise."

In discussing this subject, Black is apt to display a rather dogmatic attitude. He declared in a speech in Los Angeles last fall: "The goal of government and, I think, of international organizations should be to prepare the way for private businessmen to take over most of the job . . . I have reason to believe this goal is achievable." But it is a measure of his flexibility that India, despite highly uncertain behavior toward private enterprise, has received $235 million in Bank loans. Black has not allowed an ideological dispute to stand in the way of loans for both public and private power projects. He has, however, consistently refused loans to allow governments to embark on industrial ventures that he believes they are ill equipped to operate.

Case of the Timid Money

Black's confidence in the capacity of private finance to take a major role in the development picture is not widely shared, even by his colleagues in the Bank. Against an estimated annual need of $14 billion if the national income of all underdeveloped countries is to be raised by as little as two per cent per annum, U.S. outflow of capital has averaged only $800 million annually. If we were investing at the same rate as the British before the First World War, we would have a total of about $300 billion overseas instead of $25 billion. Clearly, U.S. private capital is not even close to filling the minimal need.

These are hard facts. The cautious investment capital of our time, controlled by large institutions rather than individuals, shows few signs of becoming venturesome. Black is unrealistic, some of his critics claim, to pretend differently. They believe his penchant for private enterprise runs counter to the whole course of economic development in the underdeveloped areas of the world.

It is interesting, however, that a banker's orthodoxy combined with a desire to accomplish something takes Black a good way beyond the halfway measures to which a good many highly placed U.S. policymakers still cling. Black believes firmly, for example, that direct grants must be continued as an essential part of economic development; "fuzzy" loans made without regard to a country's ability to repay only play havoc with its balance of payments. He has regularly preached that "The objective of promoting economic growth in the less developed countries needs to be disentangled from the objectives of military policy and from the desire to do something to promote American exports." He points out that a unilateral aid program all too often provokes resentment on the part of the recipient country and frustration for the donor. It is much easier, he argues, for an international agency than for a big country like the United States to persuade an underdeveloped country to put its house in order.

BLACK realizes that he is moving in the opposite direction from much of the Eisenhower Administration's thinking. The President's Citizen Advisers on the Mutual Security Program, headed by Benjamin Fairless, recently recommended to the President fewer direct grants and more long-term, very low-interest loans—the very "fuzzy" breed that, according to Black, damages a country's international credit rating. The Fairless committee, in addition, came out squarely against loans repayable in a country's own currency —a compromise between loan and

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grant that Black had endorsed after long study.

Some Big Questions

There are a few thoughtful people in Washington who are beginning to wonder whether many of the currently popular notions about foreign aid aren't coming to a dead end. Opposition and niggling interference from Congress have been mounting steadily. It is by no means certain that the politicians will accept even "fuzzy" loans as an agreeable substitute for the unending giveaways they so loudly deplore.

It is even less likely that they can be sold on a new international project such as the long-debated SUNFED (Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development), which, they fear, could all too easily turn into a "borrowers' union." But there are some who believe that Congress could be sold on a broader function for the World Bank, which has exhibited such wise stewardship over its resources during this past decade. It has been suggested that a second teller's window might be installed at which limited amounts of subsidy aid could be dispensed. An underdeveloped country would apply here to discuss financing development projects that fall outside the Bank's regular lending operation. Both operations would be equally devoted to strengthening the basic foundations of a country's economy. Loan and grant assistance administered by the same agency could presumably do both jobs with the greatest impact at least cost. The principle that each member country must make a contribution to the Bank's working fund would apply, as well as the principle that the larger contributors have the weightier votes.

THINKING along these lines is still highly speculative, and Black modestly disclaims any ambition for empire building. But one thing is certain: After all the Presidential, Congressional, and academic study groups have presented their voluminous reports, the techniques that have been adopted and proved by the World Bank, thanks largely to the imagination of this conservative bond salesman, must be considered in the shaping of future American policy on foreign aid.

'BUDGET, BUDGET, WHO'S GOT THE BUDGET?'

ERIC SEVAREID

THE game of "budget, budget, who's got the budget?" is becoming as complicated as it is unprecedented. The maneuvering between Capitol Hill and White House on which should cut history's biggest peacetime budget had a certain Alphonse-Gaston, "you first" politeness about it, but now the game is getting a little rough.

It all started when the Secretary of the Treasury made it plain he was somewhat appalled by the budget and virtually invited Congress to reduce it. In an uproarious, strictly partisan session, the House passed the buck back to the President; Mr. Eisenhower said this was the first time he'd ever heard of such a thing being done; Democratic Leader McCormack said this is the first time a Cabinet officer has repudiated a President—meaning the Humphrey attitude about the President's budget. It all got rougher when the President said that Congress has "vast staffs" capable of scrutinizing the budget—is even adding a new building on the Hill.

Things got rougher still when the House Appropriations Committee *did* propose to cut the funds for the Executive Office of the President, denying a couple of hundred thousand dollars to the Bureau of the Budget itself.

LEGALLY, Congress *is* responsible for all appropriations, but the custom of an Administration-proposed and -defended budget has become a practical reality over the last generation. President Truman used to defy Congress to reduce his budgets. Congress is used to rigid challenges followed by ultimate compromise, but starting off with a compromise attitude seems confusing.

It is difficult to define with precision Mr. Eisenhower's own attitude. At one point, with his remark about the unprecedented nature of the House request that he re-examine the budget, he gave the impression of not liking this move; but at another point he said he had no objection whatsoever to re-examining. He did seem clear in a conviction that there can be no sizable savings except by eliminating or postponing some of what he called the "great programs." And he named national defense, veterans' payments, farm payments.

And there, of course, is the real rub. Neither end of the Avenue wants to be left with responsibility for endangering defense or with the political consequences of seriously reducing domestic perquisites now taken for granted by millions of voters directly affected. Right now Congress is caught in a fierce crossfire. No special group in the country wants to give up a thing, but millions of unspecialized taxpayers are demanding budget reductions, and the decibel rating of their voices is reaching a level not heard in Washington for many years. A lot of the letter writing, of course, is organized by Chambers of Commerce, for example, and more comes from big cities than from farming regions, but it looks no less real as it piles up on Representatives' desks.

VARIOUS veteran Members of Congress now feel absolutely certain that something is going to give and they know what it will be—foreign aid, which could be classified with the "great programs." The dramatic "new world abuilding" publicity that used to surround foreign aid projects has considerably withered; the former idealistic passion on the part of their planners and administrators has died away; but the core reason why foreign aid will get the knife is simply that few politicians feel they can vote to hold up foreign aid and vote to reduce domestic aids and stay out of trouble with their constituents.

There are predictions on the Hill now that foreign aid will be cut by as much as a billion dollars under last year's level. It is almost certain to mean big cuts in foreign military as well as economic aid, and this would mean considerable readjustment of working American foreign policies in various parts of the world. Leading Congressmen are pondering various new ways of rejuggling proportions as between economic and military aid, direct grants and loans, private and public investments; they are impatient for a whole new approach. But if one comes, it apparently must come from them. The President has told us that he has no plans for making any great changes in his present program for use of American money and machines around the world.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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A Report On Titoism

CLAIRE STERLING

BELGRADE

IT IS just a little less than two years since Soviet leaders Khrushchev, Bulganin, Shepilov, Mikoyan, and Gromyko landed at the airport here to renew, after seven years of bitter hostility, what Khrushchev unblushingly called "the historic bonds of friendship" between Russia and Yugoslavia. The reconciliation, which took place in June, 1955, was as spectacular—and as compromising for Marshal Tito—as the Russians could make it. But the Yugoslavs didn't really expect it to last, and it didn't.

The break this time is less complete and far less noisy than the one in 1948. While Stalin could excommunicate the Yugoslavs and encircle their country with a million satellite troops, the present Soviet leadership is in no position to do either, and even its propaganda attack has been cautious so far. The Yugoslavs haven't yet been consigned to their old Marxist netherworld of "capitalist jackals," "bankrupt sharks," and "dogs gnawing imperialist bones." They've simply become "revisionists" again. In Communist parlance, however, that amounts to much the same thing. And what is left unsaid by the Soviet press is taken in Belgrade as evident enough to go without saying. Although their peace pact with Russia hasn't been formally denounced, the Yugoslavs know—have known for months—that they are back at war.

Tito had no idea how bitterly the reconciliation had been opposed by his old Stalinist enemies in the Kremlin. He learned of this only last June when at a Moscow banquet in his honor he heard Molotov confess publicly to having warned the Presidium that any Soviet leader who went to Belgrade should never bother to come back. Nor could he have foreseen the events that would strengthen the hand of these Stalinists against him. What he did know from the beginning, though, was that the Russians' concept of reconciliation was a world apart from his own.

THE Russians came to Belgrade as a Communist Party delegation that only incidentally included the Prime Minister. Tito received Bulganin as a Prime Minister who was only incidentally a Communist. This might look like a fine distinction, but to a Marxist initiate the difference was as plain as day. Where the Russians were coming to patch up a family quarrel, Tito would not admit to being a member of the family. Where the Russians hoped to bring Yugoslavia back into their orbit as a loyal Communist satellite, Tito was

proposing to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet bloc as noncommittally as he might with Bolivia or New Zealand. Where, in other words, the Russians were still assuming that Communism could have only one frontier—the one dividing it from capitalism—Tito still maintained, as he had since 1948, that what happened within Communist Yugoslavia's frontiers was none of Moscow's business.

What was at stake in those negotiations two years ago was the end of Yugoslavia's independence or the beginning of independence for its satellite neighbors. Tito won. The Belgrade Declaration was cosigned not by Party Secretary Khrushchev but by Prime Minister Bulganin; and among the principles it endorsed—how ironic they must sound in Budapest now!—were "respect for the sovereignty, independence, integrity, and equality among states"; "peaceful coexistence" regardless of ideological differences; and "noninterference in *internal affairs, for whatever reason,* whether of an economic, political, or ideological nature, because . . . difference in social systems and of different forms of socialist development are solely the concern of the individual countries."

There were few concessions to the Russians in this document, other than whatever credit for toleration Tito might be giving them by signing it. Even for that, he made them pay hard cash.

To the Victor . . .

The seven-year rift with Russia had been a precious political asset for Tito; however Yugoslavia peasants may dislike Communism, they dislike Russia more. But it had been expensive. Half of Yugoslavia's trade, all its investment credits, and all the equipment for its Five-Year Plan had depended on the Soviet bloc. The cost of reorienting trade toward the West, cutting back the development program, relocating industries for fear of Soviet attack, fortifying an eleven-hundred-mile frontier, and maintaining the biggest army per capita in Europe—border incidents in those days averaged nearly three a day—had come close to $3 billion. Since the war had ended with his victory, Tito wanted reparations and indemnities.

What he got over the next year was a $110-million trade agreement with Russia, including Soviet purchase of such worthless Yugoslav produce as rotten fruit; a Russian credit of $160 million for industrial development, raw materials, and foreign exchange; a Russian promise to give Yugoslavia an atomic reactor; a Russian credit of $175 million for an aluminum plant; a $28-million Polish trade agreement; a Polish credit of $30 million for rolling

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stock; a $26-million Czech trade agreement; Czech credits of $50 million for investment and $25 million for consumer goods; and a promise by Hungary to pay $85 million in straight reparations. In addition, the Russians wrote off an old Yugoslav debt of $90 million, and the Czechs another of $100 million.

Such generosity suggests that the Russians needed Tito more than he needed them. Of course Tito wanted very much to restore normal relations with the Soviets, not only because of the financial advantages involved but also because, as leader of the only Communist nation wandering loose in the capitalist world, he was lonely. His loneliness had been made more bearable, however, by a billion dollars of American economic and military aid, a one-year seat in the U.N. Security Council, and an influence in international affairs out of all proportion to the power of his country.

The Russians, on the other hand, had had nothing but trouble from the day Stalin banished Tito to outer space. It hadn't been necessary for Tito to tinker with inner satellite politics. "We don't have to *do* anything," says one of his collaborators. "We simply radiate." The radiation process hadn't yet had sensational results when the Khrushchev-Bulganin mission came to Belgrade. But it had contaminated the thinking of Communists, in and out of jail, from east Berlin to Peking; and in the confusion following Stalin's death in 1953, the Russians had every reason to fear the example of a Communist state that had managed to survive in spite of the Kremlin's curse. Stalin's successors, in setting out to correct his mistake, blundered into a bigger one.

The Prodigal Son

The visit to Belgrade in June, 1955, was part of a new trend in Soviet policy—the trend that produced the Austrian peace treaty (May 15, 1955) and the "Summit" Conference (July 18, 1955), the de-Stalinization and democratization programs (February, 1956), and the dissolution of the Cominform (April 17, 1956). But this was also the period when the Warsaw Pact (May 14, 1955) was signed. For all his desire to infuse good fellowship into Soviet-satellite relations, Khrushchev had no intention of liquidating the Soviet empire. Yet Khrushchev needed to bring the prodigal son back into the Communist family. When he went to Belgrade he might have thought that he was doing just that. But the effusiveness of the paternal embrace and the generous allowance in token of forgiveness opened new vistas to the satellite leaders.

If the Russians had wanted Tito badly in June, 1955, they needed

him desperately by the time he reached Moscow in June, 1956. Only Tito could stop the advance of Titoism. Accordingly, they gave him the most glittering welcome ever awarded a foreign dignitary, and battered at his socialist soul for three weeks.

What they extracted from him was enough to frighten the United States into cutting off all military aid to Tito for the time being. But it wasn't by any means what the Russians were really after. On this occasion, Tito did sign a party-to-party as well as a state-to-state document. The state communiqué, however, didn't go far beyond repeating the Belgrade Declaration, almost phrase for phrase. And the party communiqué was as tortured a piece of prose as only two warring groups of relentless dialecticians could make it. It began by affirming the principles of the Belgrade Declaration *again*, added that the "broader application" of these principles by the two governments would help co-operation between the two national parties, then went back to collaboration between the two parties as a basis for co-operation between the two governments. It went on to say: "In the spirit of the internationalist principles of Marxism-Leninism . . . it is useful and indispensable to continue and develop the existing contacts between the two parties for the purpose of co-operation in the interest of further consolidation and progress of our socialist countries," as well as of socialism in general.

The conclusion to be drawn from this document was that Tito had acknowledged Yugoslavia's fraternal ties with the international Communist movement, but had not undertaken either to turn his back on the West—a point he underlined in his farewell speech—or to affiliate with the eastern bloc, ideologically or militarily. The Russians made a last effort to convince the world of the contrary. In a carefully casual little

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off-the-cuff speech on the eve of Tito's departure, Marshal Zhukov announced happily that in the event of war, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union "would march shoulder to shoulder." Tito's face was black when he left the platform; and while the western press gave the Zhukov talk big headlines, the Yugoslavs didn't print a word of it.

THREE days later, Khrushchev summoned all eastern European leaders to explain that nothing in the Russo-Yugoslav communiqués could in any sense apply to them. It didn't do much good. The Poznan riots broke out twenty-four hours after Tito got back to Belgrade, and thereafter cracks began to appear everywhere in the Soviet empire. Toward September Khrushchev sent out another, and blunter, warning, this time in the form of a secret letter to satellite party chiefs that was leaked to the New York *Times* in Warsaw.

The ensuing scandal brought Khrushchev hurrying back to Belgrade last September—officially for a rest, actually to plead for Tito's understanding and help. But here again the two men were starting from opposite viewpoints. Tito's idea of help was to fortify Khrushchev against the Stalinists in the Kremlin and encourage the movement for satellite independence. Khrushchev's was for Tito to help discourage that movement, on the grounds that the Stalinists wouldn't stand for it and the Soviet security system couldn't survive it. Although the two men went off to the Crimea for eight more days of rest and enlightenment, they came no nearer an understanding. Tito merely came away convinced of what he had begun to suspect in Moscow the previous June: Where eastern Europe was concerned, the difference between Khrushchev and the Stalinists was barely discernible.

Then Came Hungary

Shortly afterward, Gomulka came to power in Poland. Then revolt broke out in Hungary. Until then Tito had done his best to preserve the fiction of cordial Yugoslav-Russian friendship. He had done so well, in fact, that President Eisenhower had waited the full ninety days allowed him by Congress to determine the future of American aid to Yugoslavia—and had finally decided to continue only economic aid, with even that subject to continuous review.

If the President had not so determined, Yugoslavia's urban population would literally have faced starvation; with Tito's peasants preferring to eat their wheat rather than bring it to market, two-thirds of the country's marketplace wheat had been coming from the United States. Tito had risked this—and more—because he was a Communist, because he enjoyed the financial and moral comfort that came with his new title to respectability among Communists, and because he was waiting for Soviet policy to become what Khrushchev professed it to be. But when Russian tanks moved back into Budapest on November 4, he was more than disillusioned, he was frightened. The Kremlin's failure to grasp the true situation in Hungary, its unwillingness to make any concessions until too late, had pushed the Hungarians into rebelling not only against Stalinism but against Communism itself. This was an enormously dangerous development on the Yugoslav dictator's borders. Equally dangerous was the fact that once the Hungarians had been provoked to such extremes, they had in turn provoked the Russians into using military force.

Of the two threats he saw in Hungary—anti-Communism and Soviet military intervention—Tito feared the first one the more. "The former is a catastrophe," he said; "the latter is a mistake." But the "mistake" turned out to be one of catastrophic proportions. With satellite unrest rapidly getting out of hand and with the Russians falling back on old Stalinist methods to quell it, he saw only one way now to save Communism and world peace, and that was to save the leaders of Soviet Russia from themselves.

Only the united action of the satellite governments could do this. For the first time since the Belgrade Declaration was signed, Tito declared publicly and explicitly that its provisions must apply to all the Communist dictatorships in eastern Europe; and he called urgently on the satellite dictators to do what he himself had done and what Gomulka was doing in Poland—force the Kremlin into giving them the sovereignty, independence, integrity, and equality written into the Belgrade Agreement. "It is really a question," Tito said, "of whether the course begun in Yugoslavia will be victorious among other Communist Parties . . . or whether Stalinism will win again."

Tito said this and several other unflattering things about Soviet leaders at a closed Communist meeting in Pula on November 7. The speech wasn't released to the press until a week later.

NO ONE could question Tito's courage in making that speech—a courage he had shown before. In asking satellite leaders to choose between Belgrade and Moscow, however, he was asking for a kind of daring he himself had never been called on to display. The Yugoslav Communists had never faced a hostile Soviet army in their own territory, never had to cajole or threaten to get it out. Furthermore, for all his thirty divisions, Tito couldn't conceivably help the satellites against the Red Army. Obviously, the Russians could cope far more easily with a Titoist revolt among the satellites than they had in Yugoslavia itself. Nevertheless, the way they coped in Hungary turned out to be not too profitable. Gomulka was already following Tito's lead in Poland, and the Russians were not disposed to put up any longer with the man who was openly challenging others to do the same.

A week after Tito's Pula speech, the Russians kidnaped ex-Premier Nagy as he left the Yugoslav Embassy in Budapest under an official safe-conduct. This was an act of pointed insolence clearly directed as much against the Yugoslavs as against the Hungarian rebels, and it was followed by others. Shortly thereafter, a Yugoslav trade mission went to Moscow to renew mutual agreements for 1957; it was kept cooling its heels and is still there. Another Yugoslav trade mission went to East Germany, came close to an agreement, and was then suddenly confronted with impossible new demands; when, with negotiations broken off, the Yugoslavs left for

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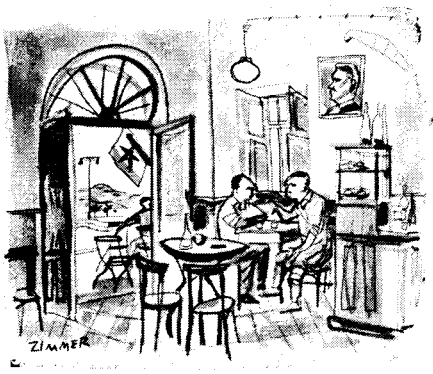

west Berlin, they were yanked off the train by East German police. Then the leader of supremely insignificant Communist Albania, Enver Hoxha, made a speech covering five pages of newsprint, in which he called Tito a traitor in the best animistic vocabulary at his command, and demanded territorial adjustments for the 400,000 Albanians living in the Kosove area of southern Yugoslavia.

Prepared for the Worst

It was about this time—mid-February—that the Russians began to be more outspoken. The Soviet press once more took to calling the Yugoslavs "revisionists"; Shepilov, before leaving the Soviet Foreign Ministry, took a parting shot at the "anti-Soviet excesses of certain Yugoslav elements"; and Khrushchev talked jocularly to reporters about the disappointments awaiting people who "hang around Moscow waiting for handouts." Lately the pronouncements of the Soviet press against Yugoslavia have been somewhat mellower, but there can be no doubt that there is still plenty of bad blood between the two régimes.

On their part, the Yugoslavs are prepared for the worst. But few of them expect the worst to be as bad as it might have been in 1948. They reason that the satellite armies have proved far too untrustworthy for Russian use against Yugoslavia, that the Soviet leadership is much too disoriented at present to take such a bold step anyway, and that Tito has made far too many important friends by now—especially in uncommitted Africa and Asia—for Khrushchev to bully him inordinately in public. The guess here in Belgrade, then, is that the Russians will keep up the pretense of diplomatic civilities, or formal "state relations," no matter how uncivil they may become on the party, or ideological, level.

In any event, the Yugoslavs fully expect the economic curtain to come down again. The Russians have already whittled $30 million off last year's trade agreement—the rotten-fruit item is gone—and are still whittling; they are making slow progress on the atomic reactor; and already they have told the Yugoslavs not to count on either the $175-million aluminum plant or whatever is still supposed to be coming to them of the promised $160 million in credits for investment and foreign exchange. (To date, the Yugoslavs have used only $30 million.) Under these circumstances, Tito can't anticipate a thriving trade with Czechoslovakia or East Germany, nor can he possibly hope for his $85 million in Hungarian reparations. While he might still get something from the Poles, he is so conscious of Gomulka's precarious position that he isn't likely to press the point.

This will undoubtedly be a blow. Yugoslavia's exports went up ten per cent last year because of renewed trading with the Soviet bloc; and it could certainly use the investment credits that had been dangled before its eyes. But Tito has taken rougher punishment in the past; and he is no longer shy about accepting American help. In fact, he has just asked Washington for a bigger and better aluminum plant than the Russians had offered; and he is preparing several other projects that might, if Washington agrees, be financed by the dinar fund derived from an annual $100 million worth of American surpluses now being sold in Yugoslavia.

Of course Tito is relying on President Eisenhower's ability and willingness to face down hostile Congressmen, a hundred and sixty of whom recently demanded cancellation of the Yugoslav dictator's impending American tour. Eisenhower may not be able or willing. But the considerations in Tito's favor are certainly weightier than they were even a few months ago. The State Department's worry since 1955 has not been that Tito would submit to the Russians voluntarily—he would be throwing away one of the snuggest political positions in the world if he did—but that he would be trapped against his will by Soviet strategists. That certainly isn't a serious worry any more; and however repugnant Tito the dictator may be to western political taste, Tito the crusader for satellite independence can be of notable value.

We Wouldn't Want Him but . . .

To an American, a choice between the Yugoslav and Soviet roads to socialism may not seem very attractive either way. Both systems are totalitarian, both rely on an active secret police force, both have kept their respective populations in more or less appalling economic circumstances. But to a Communist in Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest, or Sofia, the Yugoslav road shines with golden opportunity.

After nine years of liberation from dogmatic Soviet rule, the Yugoslav dictatorship has become comparatively well behaved—at least for external consumption. People who go to jail can at least be expected to get out again when their sentences are served. It has even developed some interesting economic policies. Enforced collectivization of the land, for instance, was abandoned by Yugoslavia in 1950; nine out of ten Yugoslav peasants now work their land and market their crops privately, with only a sliding scale of taxes to limit their profits. Furthermore, Tito has dismantled the kind of clumsy centralized bureaucracy that Moscow uses to control industry. For the last three or four years, elected workers' councils and factory managers have been making their own decisions on rates of production, sales prices, bonuses over the national minimum wage, and practically everything else except accessibility

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to raw materials. Inevitably, this system has led to awesome waste, inefficiency, and confusion. But the intramural competition is refreshing and genuine—so genuine that one factory manager recently caused a national scandal by bribing a worker in a rival factory to turn over production secrets.

Furthermore, Yugoslavia has led the way in eastern Europe in shifting from heavy industry to consumer goods. In the past year alone, the sales of refrigerators, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners went up so steeply that consumption of household electrical current rose by thirty per cent. The interesting point was that most of these appliances—as well as clothing, furniture, and automobiles—were sold on the installment plan, an innovation so redolent of contemporary capitalism that no other Communist state has yet dared try it.

Not that life has become pleasant for the Yugoslavs, who still have one of the lowest living standards on the Continent. In fact there has been a constant trickle into Italy of Yugoslavs who find the economic or political conditions in their country unbearable. But there is undeniably an awareness in Belgrade that life must become better, and quickly. "We have used up every ounce of our workers' socialist conscience in these last ten years," says a high party official. "Now we've either got to make things more tolerable for them or take the consequences."

But the question of whether or to what extent Tito can relieve his people's misery isn't what really matters to Communists elsewhere. His overwhelming appeal for these Communists consists in the fact that over and over again he has defied Moscow and gotten away with it. This does not contribute to make the Hungarians feel kindly toward their leaders. It has already inspired the Poles and may soon affect the Romanians. It is still doing immeasurable harm to the Kremlin wherever there are Communist Parties. Stalin's wrath failed to curb Tito, and so have Khrushchev's various attempts at persuasion—ranging all the way from bibulous conviviality to not so veiled threats. The wound has not healed; it is still festering.

New York's Trade School For Stage-Struck Kids

MAY NATALIE TABAK

"The happiest moment of my life was when I was informed of my acceptance to P.A. Here at last were my kind of people. It was heaven on earth."

I quote from the autobiography of a senior at the School of Performing Arts, a division of the Metropolitan Vocational High School of New York City. This heaven on earth is located down the street from *Variety's* offices, at 120 West Forty-sixth Street just off Broadway in a dingy, drab

firetrap erected in 1891 as Public School 67. It had long been condemned and abandoned as a schoolhouse, but in 1947, pressed by prominent representatives of the performing professions, the Board of Estimate voted $53,753 for remodeling the old hulk enough to enable Principal Franklin J. Keller to house his latest development in vocational education: a public high school dedicated to combining college preparatory education with training for professional work in what was named for the first time "the performing arts"—dance, drama, and music.

The school has facilities for about six hundred pupils in all grades, yet more than a thousand apply for admission each year from the elementary and junior high schools of the city. The sole criterion is talent displayed at auditions held once a year at the school; first before members of the faculty for the screening out of the obviously unendowed, then before members of an Advisory Commission composed of leaders in the fields of drama, dance, and music for a final selection of the most promising. Last year the drama department was able to admit eighty of the four hundred who auditioned, the dance department seventy-five out of four hundred, and the music department seventy out of two hundred.

By eliminating the free or study periods of the academic high school and substituting a thirty-hour week for the customary twenty-five- or twenty-six-hour week, the School of Performing Arts enables its students to cover in three hours (or four periods) the minimum requirements for college, and still have another three hours to spend in the second half of the day on a full "shop" program. Instead of the former diffusion of energy, the student—in pursuit of his chosen vocational interest—discovers the contributions of the other arts and the pertinence of his integrated academic subjects. Statistics show that of students entering academic high schools about sixty per cent graduate, whereas at P.A. the first year makes it obvious which students ought not to continue its concentrated course of study; almost all the others graduate.

Music in the Basement

Although P.A. has acquired impressive prestige in the opinion of the professions and in all the colleges where its graduates have gone, when Dr. Keller initiated the first high-school vocational music course in 1937 he himself had no such splendid scheme in mind. He was merely trying to be faithful to the concept of vocational education he has eloquently advocated in six books written during his thirty-seven years of service as school principal. The general vocational schools of that time included not only pupils gen-

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uinely eager to learn a trade but also a large number of children who were there because for one reason or another no academic school would keep them.

Making the rounds one day, Dr. Keller heard unusual sounds coming from the sub-basement boiler room. Dr. Keller plays the piano and knows music. This was longhair stuff—a crude quartet rehearsing. Investigating, he found four truants. They admitted they had been playing hookey for weeks; confessed that they wanted to make not ships, shirts, nor shoes, but music.

To Dr. Keller it seemed that here was an obligation for a responsible democratic educational system. He promptly went before the Board of Education and requested the appointment to his school of a music teacher familiar with the practical problems of performing musicians. By coincidence, on the other side of a low partition sat the present chairman of the music department, waiting to be assigned somewhere.

JULIUS GROSSMAN is a war veteran who led the 33rd Infantry Division Band, reputed to be the best in the Pacific; when the war ended he was invited to stay on in Japan as conductor of the Osaka Symphony. In 1937, he had recently passed the city high-school teachers' examination, held a union card in Musicians Local 802, and was working as conductor of a local symphony. The prospect of a vocational program was stimulating. Like Dr. Keller, he wanted to bring those children out of the sub-basement.

Mr. Grossman got off to a start with what oddments he could collect. The students listened to him, for he was a practicing performer who carried a union card and spoke with the authority of personal involvement in the risks of their trade. He brought a stern message from the commercial world: You have to work to get work. He aimed to train musicians. Some students qualified—a few even before graduation—to join the union and entered the field at once. Others went on to further studies.

The music project expanded. But it remained a nonessential of Metropolitan Vocational High School, a Keller caprice—not precisely in violation of any law, but operating without official sanction and recognition of the Board of Education.

The Theater

Meanwhile another new appointee, a speech teacher, told Dr. Keller of

her personal theatrical ambitions, training, and professional experience. He encouraged her to start a vocational training course for any interested children who were at a loose end in the school. Edith Banks's first class had four applicants: an epileptic; a child motivated, it turned out, mostly by a loathing of her sewing classes; a burly chronic discipline problem with an often-practiced but limited talent—he could imitate a laying hen; and a wide-eyed Negro girl just up from the South, shut off from her classmates by an almost impenetrable accent. The colored girl has earned her living as an entertainer ever since graduation.

By 1943, Dr. Keller, Mr. Grossman, and Mrs. Banks were convinced that their pilot program had proved its value. But the course of training they now envisaged required an enlarged staff and adequate housing and equipment. Dr. Keller enlisted the aid of the late Mrs. Samuel A. Lewisohn, and together they embarked on a period of unceasing effort with indestructible patience. Collaboration between school and industry, a tenet of vocational education, necessitated meetings not only with city functionaries but with people active in the field: officials of the motion-picture, TV, and radio industries; unions and associations operating in the professions; performers, critics, and producing and booking agencies.

A school designed to serve one of New York's major industries seemed good business sense to these people, who knew that the day of the illiterate or unskilled performer was over. They welcomed the proposal.

The gentlemen and scholars of the Board of Estimate, however, refused to believe that they could be seriously expected to sponsor a special school for "chorus girls and boys." They thought the plan for "Keller's Follies" unsound, unnecessary, and undignified. As a body, they believed that "stage-struck" adolescents should be cured, not encouraged.

The educational methods of our country's school systems are founded on the premise "We learn to do by doing." Yet everywhere there persists the reluctance to send a nice child of normal intelligence to any school that puts the "doing" into practice. Dr. Keller quoted Alfred North Whitehead: "A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth. What we should aim at producing is men who possess both culture and expert knowledge in some special direction." The Board, however, could not rid itself of the educator's vestigial conviction that the vocational school is properly the dump for the academic program's scholastic and disciplinary rejects.

HOWEVER, the approved city list was able to supply the music department with qualified people who had formal teaching backgrounds as well as union cards and jobs as performers in a band or orchestra. The other vocational departments ran into difficulty. Teachers whose professional performance in dance or drama was approved by P.A.'s Advisory Commission could not satisfy Board of Education requirements. The Commission maintained that the children's vicarious participation in their teachers' professional activity was an invaluable and integral part of their vocational experience. The Board feared that the periodic absences—as when a show goes on the road—might disrupt the children's continuity of learning.

The resulting staff certainly makes the bookkeeping records look peculiar. For the drama department

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now totals an equivalent of six full-time and three part-time teachers; the dance department has two full- and eleven part-time teachers; the music department has six and a half teachers. Even the academic department (providing, for example, Jacob Weiser—a genuine Broadway play doctor—to teach playwriting courses) tallies its teachers in fractions.

Trial by Audition

Last month I observed the auditions for entrance to P.A. It is fairly simple to decide whom to eliminate at the first audition, but the delicate perception and scope of consideration demonstrated by the examiners in the second auditions make that step an impressive one. The children have such varied backgrounds and preparation that it is necessary to penetrate behind the influences that affect each one's performance before one can evaluate personal aptitude and promise. Some have no training whatever; others have studied under excellent teachers for eight or nine years. Some have been coached for months by ambitious parents or teachers just for this audition. Some are cocksure, others scared to death.

The examiners invariably show understanding and sympathy, and their impartiality of judgment and humor never falter. They expect a child who has had certain advantages to put on a better show than one who has had fewer or none; they know from experience that most of these differences will disappear after a year or so at the school. In all departments the examiners base their decisions exclusively on a prepared performance and on the response to new material.

Although it is the expressed policy of the school to accept pupils "solely on the basis of talent," it is impossible to establish absolute standards. While I listened to the music-department auditions, the examiners rejected one child who played a difficult number without a mistake and accepted another who had barely mastered the mechanics of his instrument; but the first child had studied for five years and was playing by rote, whereas the second—a cocky little boy who limited his performance on the cello to scales and the first three lines of a "piece"—had had, in his own words, "a lousy teacher for more'n a year 'n' now I gotta good one for three months but I gotta learn over everything the other guy showed me wrong." A child who went off pitch repeatedly in her violin audition would have been rejected had she "flatted" her notes; but the more difficult "sharping" was recognized as attributable to overstriving and stress.

The dance auditioners rate the aspirants on their ballet and modern technique, their rhythm, co-ordination, flexibility, adaptability, and achievement in relation to their past study. Each child had prepared a solo of his own choice to demonstrate his ability. Before the children were asked to execute any new instructions, an examiner would first explain the exercise or movements, and then a boy or a girl from the senior class would demonstrate it. It was hard to believe that all the beauty and precision with which the seniors moved had been acquired in so short a time; for while the applicants were unquestionably talented, the before-and-after range of performance was incredible.

The applicants are all different. Gifted with equal native talent, one had already danced with a famous ballet company, and another betrayed—by her innocent attempts to incorporate difficult ballet steps into her solo dance—that her only source

of study had been the television screen.

It is one thing to predict that the nature and degree of their pre-P.A. instruction will not determine their professional future; it is another to ignore—in planning the course of study—the heterogeneous backgrounds of the freshman class.

The Very Young

In the auditorium there are three classes going on at once. Up front near the stage a group of freshmen occupy the first few rows. Several of the girls hold dolls, and one of the boys has a cowboy hat and pistols. The drama teacher picks one girl. "Choose two people who resemble people you used to play with," she tells her.

They discuss the scene Susie wishes to relive. For props she has a small doll. The boy she has chosen borrows the cowboy hat. The scene is Susie's nursery school. She and the other girl will play house. The boy will consent at first, and then try to get them to play cowboys. They begin the improvisation. Susie suddenly screeches, "You broke my dolly!" The boy springs back abashed and startled; the other little girl pats Susie's arm and consoles her. "It can be fixed," she keeps saying. "Shut up!" Susie yells, pushing her away so she falls. Susie sits on the floor, sobbing and rocking the doll. The other girl and the boy make futile consolatory gestures. Suddenly, her face distorted with rage and blotched with tears, Susie springs from the ground and takes after the boy, brandishing the doll like a stick, screaming invective and vengeance.

After the instrumental class, a short, nearsighted boy with a breaking voice is clearly the Constant Critic. "He doesn't get a thing out of his wind section, I tell you. What he does to Beethoven is plain murder, I tell you."

"Louie?" a slender girl in a tight skirt and tighter sweater, her hair clipped sugar-bowl round, her voice fluted, her words crisped or drawn out accordion fashion according to some personal law, interrupts with a swooning sigh. "He understands Louie like no one else and his use of the wind section is positively inspired." "Who's Louie?" asks another freshman. "She means Beethoven. She's carrying the torch for Beethoven." "But why Louie?" "I feel closer to him that way. You wouldn't understand, Infant." The other, braces on her teeth, her mouth clear of lip-

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stick, her cheekbones still covered with infant fat, doesn't understand. "But if his name is Ludwig," she protests. "Please," says the enamored, "that's his name for the world. You can't understand about me and Louie."

The Earned Reward

The professional development of the seniors endorses the over-all school prospect. Even an ordinary assembly program planned by the student body showed professional imagination, wit, and sophisticated talent.

But a callous neglect of any adequate solution to its physical handicaps beleaguers the school. The rumble of trucks outside interrupts classes constantly. Classes are conducted simultaneously in various corners of the basement, voices intermingling as a distracting consequence. There is no privacy for students using different instruments or rehearsing different music. The stage is inadequate; most dance classes lack live music and basic equipment; there are no proper dressing rooms. The academic teachers "float" from one end of the building to another in search of temporarily empty rooms or spaces. The library couldn't find room to house the books it needs even if it could get them. The clerical staff is inadequate; repairmen refuse to even try again to fix the ancient typewriters.

NEVERTHELESS the list of graduates who have achieved success in the performing arts grows constantly larger. The school placement service begins with children still in school (I saw two commercial photographers apply to the drama department for a "young American-looking boy" to pose for an ad at regular model's wages; and a few minutes later a television producer called to ask for a "small innocent-looking girl") and continues to operate after graduation. This service has become increasingly important as more and more frequently department chairmen are consulted when jobs are to be filled.

The moving-picture industry has claimed several former students. Many have achieved recognition on TV. Others have appeared in Broadway successes. Dancers who graduate are in night clubs, TV, ballet, and musical comedy. Others teach the dance.

The leaders in these professions are loyal and proud of the school. John Martin of the New York *Times* and Alfred Harding from Actors' Equity are active sponsors on the Advisory Commission. Since the death of Mrs. Lewisohn, the present chairman, Mrs. Howard S. Cullman (who with her husband has backed many Broadway plays), has taken over leadership.

Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians co-operates in

many ways, not least by paying the salaries of fifty professional musicians who play at the school's annual Town Hall Concert, using money from the union's trust fund for the purpose and thus enabling P.A.'s most talented pupils to perform as soloists against a professional background.

Private donations have expressed the good will and enthusiasm of individuals who wish to implement the intention of the school in areas where there is red tape or lack of money. Capezio, the ballet-shoe man, has given sums of $1,000, for example; and the Harriet Garson Scholarship Fund Committee has promised $500 a year. A much-needed Steinway grand costing $3,000 was bought with funds acquired over a period of years donated by Parents' Association activity.

What of the Future?

Nevertheless unless the City Fathers bestir themselves, praise of the School of Performing Arts may well be its funeral oration. Dr. Keller reaches the age of mandatory retirement at the end of this year. Unless the P.A. is recognized as an independent institution administered by a principal of special qualifications, it is apt to be destroyed as soon as Dr. Keller is gone. It is ridiculous to believe that another man will appear with his combination of experience. The Board of Education continues to introduce curious objections to giving the school the identity, the building, and the principal its history warrants. Having denied that there is any need for such a school, it then takes the position that it should serve at least fifteen hundred students if it is to exist at all. 1500 THEATRICAL GENIUSES 1500! That's how they see it. Dr. Keller, his staff, and the Advisory Commission do not believe that the standards of admission ought to be lowered to enlarge the enrollment. As early as 1949, the median I.Q. of P.A. was fourth highest of the city's high schools.

There are many branches of the performing arts that remain to be explored, and if the school were given the building it desires, preferably in the new Lincoln Square project near Columbus Circle, an expanded program would be possible in which such neglected subjects as singing and composing could be included. Provision would be made there for related activities: stagecraft, scenic design, technical radio, movie, and TV instruction; make-up; recording; costume design and production. The students would then far exceed the stipulated fifteen hundred, and at no sacrifice of quality.

Meanwhile Dr. Frank H. Paine, teacher in charge, has sent a detailed memorandum to the Board of Education describing the requirements of a functional building. The Parents' Association has begun a campaign of letter writing to the Board of Education and influential people. There is considerable agitation aroused by the imminent crisis.

The students continue putting in their six hours at school, attending extra private lessons in music or in dance, doing their homework and practicing, and preparing for their annual project—their proof of progress in performance. They cannot believe that adults will summarily toss them out of "heaven" into the Gehenna of purposeless activity.

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Toronto Shows the Way

ROBERT BENDINER

TORONTO

IT IS, ironically, to this traditionally staid and conservative metropolis on the shores of Lake Ontario that many other hard-pressed cities of the world—choked with traffic, underfinanced, and decaying at the core—are now looking for the pattern of the future. From Chicago, Los Angeles, and Miami, from Melbourne, Wellington, and Tokyo, official delegations and inquiries come streaming into Toronto for facts about "Metro," North America's first metropolitan supergovernment, What they find is that in three short years Metro has saved a sprawling suburban area from something close to chaos, provided desperately needed services for far-flung satellite communities while leaving their identities intact, and at the same time made it possible for a major city to face the future with some hope of avoiding bankruptcy and ultimate decay. It has, in short, molded a city and its environs into a political entity that corresponds to the facts of modern urban life.

It is difficult to imagine Toronto in the role of pioneer. "Toronto the Good," as it once prided itself on being called, has always ranked far down among world metropolises in color, charm, and all that makes a city greater than the sum of its bricks. And in spite of many changes in the past decade—a new vitality and more than the hint of a cosmopolitanism to come—it is still, as a high official needlessly explained, "commercially minded rather than aesthetic." Yet pioneer it is, and like all pioneers is entitled to be judged less for its immediate achievements than for the possibilities it has opened up.

Growing like a Weed

As the federation of one large city, three villages, four towns, and five urbanized townships, metropolitan Toronto stretches over 240 square miles (Toronto proper is only a sixth of the area), and its population is almost evenly divided between the city and its suburbs. Each community retains its local government and guards its identity as jealously as a Georgian defending states' rights. But all services that require planning, unification, and financing on an area-wide scale have become the functions of Metro, which plans to spend a billion dollars on them during the next ten years. Some think that Metro has already encroached so far that the towns have little left to do but collect taxes and garbage, but others, including Nathan Phillips, the Mayor of Toronto, look on it merely as a step on the way to complete amalgamation.

Toronto's need for drastic reorganization was typical of many North American cities. Twelve years ago the area that now makes up Metro consisted of the central city, with a population of 681,802, and a collection of independent municipalities totaling 260,960—942,762 in all. Last year the popula-

tion of the same area reached 1,302,758, a jump of thirty-eight per cent. But while the city proper stood still—actually it showed a gain of fifty-five persons—the suburbs rocketed up by 137 per cent. Overnight Toronto had become the center of a vigorously expanding Canadian economy, and without anything that could even indulgently be called redevelopment, there was simply no room to accommodate the thousands who poured in monthly to settle down and make money.

Aside from Canadians flocking into the area, something like thirty-five thousand immigrants have been streaming in annually since 1946—Germans, Italians, Balts, and Americans—accounting for more than half the jump in population as well as the city's emergence from the parochialism of a provincial British town. Add to these a boom in the birth rate (150 babies a day) and the constant lure to new business of a community that now offers a third of Canada's purchasing power within a hundred-mile radius, and you begin to have some idea of this mushroom development. On the basis of such criteria as population, retail trade, checks cashed, and building investment, Toronto makes a case for the claim that it is the fastest-growing city on the continent.

THE IMPACT of this explosive growth staggered the independent municipalities that ringed the city. Most of them were financially unable to maintain anything like adequate municipal standards, and all of them suffered acutely for lack of unified services. Within the single county that contained them there were no fewer than 113 administrative bodies and thirty separate transportation lines. Every suburban police force had its own short-wave length, so that a general alarm from Toronto had to be telephoned to each local police department, which in turn sent out a warning to its own cruiser cars.

Cut off from Lake Ontario by the city itself and unable to afford the necessary mains and pumping stations, the community of North York for years depended primarily on wells for its water supply. But, as one resident explained, the "water was so hard that it stood up like an icicle." In 1945 the wells went dry and thereafter emergencies were frequent enough to be the pattern. Faucets often yielded no water at all, and toilets could not be flushed. Sprinkling a lawn in the summertime was a luxury—and still is, for that matter. Electricity had to be turned off for an hour each day.

Thickly settled towns were obliged

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to use septic tanks, intended for open rural areas. Twenty thousand of these in North York alone made the ground a bog in the springtime. The inadequacy of the sewage-disposal system throughout the area had already polluted both the Humber and Don Rivers and the lake front itself, constituting a general menace to the public health.

With few exceptions Toronto's independent suburbs were chiefly dormitories for the city. Falling far short of the fifty-fifty ratio of industrial property to residential that is needed to support good municipal services, most of them were in dire straits for schools. "With twenty thousand people a year swarming into our township," said the reeve (mayor) of Scarborough, "we couldn't borrow a cent in all of Canada to build a school or a sewer." He finally got his money across the border at 5.75 per cent.

The price of land alone was enough to rule out cheap housing. A lot that went at four dollars a foot before the war now brings $125 a foot, and speculation has sent suburban tracts skyrocketing. But even where land prices were within reason, individual builders and subdividers were often obliged, before Metro, to install services that are normally the obligation of the municipality. Naturally the costs were passed along.

As a result you can drive through the outskirts of Toronto today and see attractive colonies, like the Don Mills development, which were designed as self-sufficient communities but which have not turned out that way. By the time the houses were finished, they cost upwards of $20,000, but the employees in the new, neatly landscaped factories nearby were making, on the average, only sixty-five dollars a week. Those who live in Don Mills and comparable projects are the families of prospering young business and professional men who work in downtown Toronto, while the employees of the local factories have had to go into the city to find housing they can afford. Both groups commute, taking close to an hour by car or making two or three changes if they travel by bus and subway.

The only answer to the problem of the towns, as Lex Schrag, the *Globe and Mail's* expert on Metro, puts it, was to "share the wealth and share the trouble." The independence of even a desperately harried village, however, is not lightly surrendered. In the end, federation had to be forced upon the Toronto complex by the Legislature of Ontario, and even now Metro is a compromise.

Early in 1950 Premier Leslie M. Frost bluntly warned the city and its suburbs to get together on some form of unification or have the Province do it for them. Toronto promptly applied to the Ontario Municipal Board for amalgamation of the whole area, i.e., incorporation into the city, and the inevitable dogfight ensued. At one point the rowing got so fierce that Toronto threatened to cut off a suburb's water supply if it didn't take back its slurs on the city.

After a full year of listening to arguments on amalgamation, the Board, headed by Lorne R. Cumming, threw out the application. It came up instead with a recommendation for the federal system which, with a few changes, was promptly introduced in the provincial legislature as Bill 80, soon to become Metro's charter.

Render Unto Metro . . .

The Metro scheme calls for a division of function simple enough in theory but sometimes complicated in practice. Constituent municipalities retain the right to levy and collect taxes, but they must include in their tax bills the amount they have been billed by Metro as their proportional share of the cost of area-wide services. The charge is based on a property assessment that has been made uniform for the entire area.

The towns operate their own fire departments, manage and equip their schools, take care of local street needs, distribute water, collect refuse, and perform a few other functions. Metro, on the other hand, borrows for all the municipalities, on credit terms that have already saved millions of dollars for the several communities. It builds and operates trunk water mains, reservoirs, and sewage-treatment plants and is responsible for major arteries, designated as metropolitan roads. It appoints and finances the operations of the Toronto Transit Commission, which with a monopoly on subways, busses, and streetcars administers the transit system for the whole area. And while local school boards concern themselves with the policy aspects of education, the headaches of capital financing and location of new schools are passed on to the Metropolitan Council and Metropolitan School Board. If a community wants extra frills it can have them, as long as its taxpayers are willing to foot the additional bill.

Those parks which are designated as metropolitan rather than local are also in Metro's bailiwick, as are licensing, civil defense, the police system since the first of this year, and certain judicial and social-welfare services. Finally, a Metropolitan Planning Board deals with long-view planning and passes on applications for subdivisions.

The Supermayor

So far Metro has been to a great degree synonymous with the activity of the Honorable Frederick G. Gardiner, Q.C. Technically chairman of the Council of the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, he is better known as "the supermayor." Indeed, one of the weaknesses of the system, I was told by Beland Honderich, director of the Toronto *Daily Star*, is that Metro is a success almost entirely because of Gardiner, and that "If he got out, it would not be nearly so good."

A measure of Gardiner's impact on the community is the wide variety of tags that have been hung on him. I have heard him variously described as "the benevolent bulldozer," "a hard-headed, competent egotistical Tory," "an Angus bull with glasses," "an able lawyer, generally liked and admired," and "a man who by bulldozing and cajoling has knocked thirteen communities together and made them one." Where some see "dictatorial tendencies," others see only determination.

Inevitably all this recalls similarly conflicting opinions in New York concerning the activities of Robert Moses. The problems of the two cities are hardly comparable, since Greater New York has about six times the population of Metro. An analogous Metro for New York

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would have to have jurisdiction over a three-state area—all but an impossibility—that might range from Stamford, Connecticut, to Nyack, New York, on the north and from Elizabeth, New Jersey, to the heart of Long Island's Suffolk County on the south. A comparison between the two men, however, struck me even more forcibly when I encountered the "supermayor" in his quarters at City Hall.

A bulky man, forceful but not unfriendly in manner, Gardiner dispatches Metro's business in vest and rolled-up shirtsleeves much in the manner of an old-time city editor. Aware of what remains to be done and eager to get on with it, he is none the less satisfied with the progress of Metro and ticks off seriatim its achievements to date. "Five years from the time we started we will have an adequate water supply—and don't forget it was the water emergency that was one of the big factors in setting up Metro." The capacity of pumping plants and trunk mains has been largely expanded, with Metro now selling water wholesale to local communities. "Four years ago they had many days when there was no water in the taps. Last year there was only one such day, and this year none. Next year we hope to get rid of the limit on sprinklers."

By the end of 1958, Gardiner also expects the sewage problem to be completely solved, with new and enlarged facilities running to $80 million. "This is one of our five-year plans," he says. "But ours work."

To make up for the backlog of demand, school construction now cuts into the budget by $25 million a year. A college girl who had gone through the public schools of North York in the pre-Metro days told me of her seven-hundred-pupil building that had to accommodate fourteen hundred children. The less fortunate pupils didn't get into the building at all, but attended class in one of the six portable schoolrooms that surrounded it, prefabricated jobs warmed after a fashion by an oil space heater at either end. The size of classes had been increased from thirty to forty-five, while in nearby Toronto classrooms went unused.

In the three years since Metro was launched, forty-six new grade schools and five new secondary schools have been built in the area, along with eighty-nine additions to existing buildings. Classes are back to an average of thirty-five.

Metro turns over to each municipality a sum for current school costs, collected from area-wide taxes and distributed as needed—on the basis of $150 for each primary pupil, $250 for each secondary pupil, and $300 for each child in a vocational school. Thus the industry of North Toronto helps pay for the schooling of children in residential Forest Hill. Metro's School Board also passes on the location of new buildings and may arrange to have pupils cross town lines where circumstances require it.

Sparks from the Burning Bush

The "supermayor" beamed, which he does not do readily, at the comparison with Commissioner Moses. Murmuring that he couldn't be paid a finer compliment, Gardiner said that the first thing he did on being appointed was to go down to New York for a few days' course with the master. And with the very next question, on the prospects for long-range planning, the explosive Moses influence was thoroughly apparent.

"Planning, planning!" he burst out. "The guy who says we don't have enough planning is a damn fool. Those long-haired, highfalutin guys with their demands for an overall plan annoy me." Whereupon he went into an extended and detailed account of what had to be done in the way of catching up on the city's backlog of needs and of gathering exact information before the problems of long-range planning could be tackled. Nevertheless, he wound up, Metro *would* have something like a master plan in a year. In the meantime, every builder who wants to put up a subdivision, even outside Metro's limits, has to send his plans to the Ontario Minister of Planning and Development, who in turn consults the Metro officials in charge of power, highways, health, planning, and so on.

All the same, the "supermayor" was free to admit that projects like the Don Mills development were unfortunate and would have worked out differently under Metro supervision. "They started out fine," he said, "but soon got to picking up dollars." Metro, which has made the merest start on moderate-cost housing, would do better than the "land butchers," he thought. But—and the mere thought of it made him wince—federal aid would be required

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in the long run. "Subsidized government housing is one of these bloody things you just have to accept, however much opposed you are. It frightens the hell out of you, but you can't avoid it."

Where Gardiner departs from the Moses tradition is in his awareness of the danger of overemphasizing roads at the expense of rapid mass transportation. "There's no object," he says, "in building arterial highways that plug up the central city. We have to have a reasonable combination of the two approaches."

So far, to be sure, the area lacks an adequate quantity of either. Torontonians are almost naïvely proud of their new $60-million subway, and compared to New York's it is delightfully efficient, clean, attractive, and comfortable. But its single line runs a distance of four and a half miles, and with a rush-hour load of forty thousand passengers, it is already overburdened. Still, there is a unified transit system for the area now, on a zone-fare basis, and the suburbs are no longer faced with making up deficits on the unprofitable runs of local lines.

At the same time, with one-tenth of all the motor vehicles in Canada concentrated in Metropolitan Toronto and its extended planning area, the city finds its streets choked with traffic and getting worse all the time. The ratio of cars to population is exceeded among American cities only by Detroit and Los Angeles.

Convinced that beyond a necessary basic system of arterial roads "There comes a time when a dollar spent on rapid transit will accomplish as much as five dollars spent on additional highways," Gardiner is going ahead with plans for a new east-west subway line, to cost between $150 and $200 million. At the same time work is proceeding on a basic highway plan which, when completed, will ring the city with $115 million worth of arterial roads, not including the conversion of several present roads into four-lane highways.

A Few Brickbats

While I could find few people who would take issue with the "supermayor's" general contention that Metro was working well, the system is not without its critics. Some are

bothered by the fact that Gardiner, who holds his post by appointment of the Council itself, is handling public funds without ever having been elected. Others are dissatisfied with the composition of the Council. All the towns outside of Toronto proper have the same representation, though Swansea, for example, has less than one-seventeenth the population of North York. Still others complain of the overlapping and duplicating of functions between Metro and city officials, with a consequent avalanche of carbon paper and red tape.

In all these charges there is evident substance, but to some extent there are also plausible explanations. The Council consists of twenty-five members—twelve from Toronto and twelve from the suburban communities, plus the chairman. Toronto's representatives include its Mayor, two of its four Controllers, and the nine aldermen who have polled the highest vote in their respective wards. The suburban members are the mayors or reeves of their municipalities. Obviously the representation is not equitable, but that seems to be the price of federation.

Even within this framework, however, friendly critics of Metro see no need for having individuals double in brass as officials of their respective governments and members of the Metro Council. "It makes for divided loyalties," one of them told me, and another thought it made for an impossible division of a man's time. Both suggested direct election of Council members, including the chairman, and a ban on their holding any other job.

Gardiner, who was once an amalgamationist himself, now appears to take none of these criticisms too seriously. As for his own position, he considers it too technical a job to be elective: "You can't get the best-equipped man that way." At the same time, he adds, "We're not Hitlers or Khrushchevs here." And it is true that though he is said pretty generally to have his way, by alternately thundering and cajoling, he has to act through official channels rather more than Moses does in New York.

The "supermayor" also minimizes the charge of duplication, but with parallel departments of parks, roads, housing, and so on, a certain amount of overlapping and of conflict is inevitable.

Controller Ford G. Brand cited to me the case of a simple proposal introduced by an alderman for a traffic island on St. Clair Avenue. Approved by the Works Committee of Toronto, the request then went to the City Council, which likewise approved. At this point Metropolitan authorities stepped in, claiming that St. Clair Avenue was an arterial road and referring the matter to their own public-works agency, which in time passed it along to the executive committee, which in turn passed it to the Metro Council. When the Council at last put its O.K. on the project, an argument arose as to who should pay for the island, and a deal had to be worked out between Metro and the City of Toronto for splitting the bill. Fortunately this sort of thing is not the universal rule, but there is enough of it, I gathered, to feed an undercurrent of dissatisfaction among those who want to go on to complete amalgamation.

For the most part, however, these difficulties are mechanical. Much more fundamental is the criticism that Metro is weak on long-range planning—and must be weak as long as component parts go on competing for industry in order to increase purely local revenues. "Metro can't plan effectively," I was told by one critic, "because it can't deny a local area the right to bring in the industry it needs for its own budget purposes."

Certainly planners have their work cut out for them here, especially since the Toronto public seems extremely little disposed to pour tax

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money into schemes for remaking the city. "It will take us fifty years to get down to city designing in the European sense," I was told by Murray V. Jones, the youthful Director of Planning.

Jones reacts almost as strongly as Gardiner to any suggestion of "comprehensive planning." He is going ahead with a "master plan" of sorts because he is charged with doing so, but he is much more concerned at this point with "collecting facts." With a staff of thirty-four, including economists, land-use experts, and other specialists, he intends to go right on with his intensive studies of area needs long after a tentative plan is produced. Meanwhile the Board will serve Metro's communities in their immediate problems, trying to make their requests conform with a tentative over-all pattern. In short, planning starts at the bottom and moves upward rather than the other way around.

WHILE officials in Toronto, as everywhere else, try to reconcile immediate pressures with long-range plans, the city goes on changing and bursting according to laws that have little to do with master blueprints. In spite of the surge of new building and the desperate need for city housing projects, much of the old downtown area is still in a state of advanced decay, pocked by ugly parking lots, slum houses, and ramshackle old stores. Jarvis Street, an elegant thoroughfare at the turn of the century, is lined with red-light houses, shoddy little hotels, and rotted old mansions, boarded up and bearing garishly luminous signs in pink and green advertising "All Day Parking, 50¢."

In the side streets are blocks of decrepit houses, most of them accommodating sleazy establishments ranging from hole-in-the-wall cigar stores to "Egyptian Studios of Hair Removing." Yet property values here are phenomenal. The Canadian Commonwealth Federation bought a plot on Jarvis Street for its headquarters in 1943 for $25,000. Recently it was offered $175,000 for the property, which is just above the stretch of greatest deterioration.

It is hard to do much about Jarvis Street because to the owners, here as elsewhere, slums and vice are more profitable than good housing; and property costs being what they are, condemnation would come very high.

Meanwhile the housing shortage, in spite of seventy thousand houses thrown up in five years, still stood at twenty-five thousand units a year ago and is becoming more acute all the time. To qualify for a federal housing loan on even the cheapest semi-detached house in Scarborough, selling at $10,500, a family must have an income of $3,600, which is beyond the earning capacity of two-thirds of the wage and salary workers in the area. The average rent for a new two-bedroom apartment in the city is $150; in the suburbs, $120—when you can find one.

Metro so far has made only a dent in the enormous need. In partnership with the federal and provincial governments it is putting up the moderate-rent Lawrence Heights development, which will provide eleven hundred units, for about five thousand people, at rentals from $58 to $78 a month. In facilities and general planning, it is expected to compare favorably with the model Fresh Meadows development in New York.

The Heart of the City

"This city is conservative and functional, and always has been," Gardiner remarked. "People are busy earning money and they've always wanted the city in an eminently sound financial condition." Others put it differently. "It's a dollar-mad town," said a newspaperman. "Whatever you want to do, you're up against the keep-the-tax-rate-down fraternity. The result is there's bloody little in the way of tourist attractions in this city." Still others blame the prevailing colorlessness on the accident of history which has provided Toronto with an Anglican-Methodist tradition.

Whatever the reason, it is true that you can walk for miles, especially in the old downtown area, without spotting a drinking fountain, a public toilet, or a modest square to soothe the eye with a patch of green. The only relief for the footsore are the few benches around City Hall, a dreary Romanesque pile, and even these have been largely pre-empted by pigeons. Many of the skyscraper apartment houses sprouting up are of the conventional birdhouse variety, and the few glassy modern-looking structures contrast oddly with their gray Victorian neighbors, though the Royal York Hotel and the Banks of Commerce and Nova Scotia would grace any city.

To one who last saw Toronto in its prewar days, however, there has clearly been a break in the old crust. The new business area around Bloor Street has the authentic atmosphere of a metropolis. The shops are smart, some even elegant, and a few of the new buildings, mostly insurance headquarters, are handsome enough.

Elsewhere in the city, too, there is an air of cosmopolitanism new to Toronto. Impressive hotels are going up, and good eating places, singularly absent in the old days, are spotted about. So are night clubs, though I was told that by and large

"People here are still all for a day's work and the hell with fooling around."

"We'll have a different type of city in five years," I was told by Dr. Eugene Faludi, one of Canada's leading community planners and a man who has been critical of much of the "unimaginative" building

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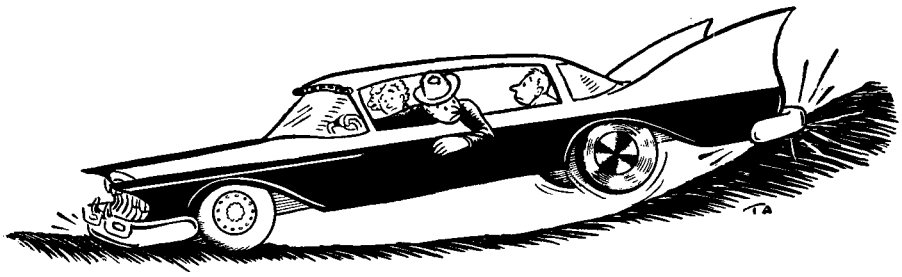
done so far. If so, Metro will have a lot to do with the change. Despite the lack of emphasis on grand plans, a number of projects are already scheduled that should do much to give Toronto a lifting of the spirit. The design of the new Civic Center, which should help rehabilitate the downtown area, is to be chosen by international competition, a remarkable precedent for a city that has in the past been oversuspicious of the new and the foreign.

Metro likewise plans to do something, at last, about the paucity of parks. Toronto Island in Lake Ontario is to be linked to the mainland and turned into a vast recreational center, with accommodations for eleven thousand cars. A million dollars is earmarked for improving the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition. The C.N.E., which could well be a magnificent cultural center in a naturally fine setting, has been looked upon strictly as a paying proposition, attracting thousands to Toronto annually but strictly for business. Unfortunately, no plans are afoot for scrapping the present extraordinary conglomeration of exhibition buildings, some of which look like grotesque enlargements of the elephant house at the Bronx Zoo.

GARDINER is quoted as having once said, "We are entering into a new era, and Toronto will one day serve as a magnificent working model for all large cities." He may have been in an unusually grandiloquent mood. Much will have to be done in the way of housing, redevelopment, and all-round face lifting before "magnificent" seems to be exactly the right word. Moreover, the extent to which U.S. cities can consider Metro a model depends in part on their ability to shake off partisan politics, from which Canadian municipal government is startlingly free.

Nonetheless, a system that has done so heroic an emergency job in three years and opened so hopeful a page on the future cannot be minimized by anyone alert to the growing desperation of our cities. In the long run Toronto the Bold is likely to carry far more weight on the continent and in the world than Toronto the Good.



VIEWS & REVIEWS

The I.C.E. Age Is Closing In on Us

TOM ARMSTRONG

IF THE CLASS will turn to page 233 of the Essays of Thomas Carlyle, Volume II, cut it open (Carlyle's pages are always uncut), and read the small print (Carlyle is always in small print), we shall find that in 1839 he claimed that his was the Mechanical Age. In fact, although the first crude bicycle wasn't to be invented until the next year, he believed the Mechanical Age had already gone too far.

"It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word. . . . On every hand, the living artisan is driven from his workshop, to make room for a speedier, inanimate one. . . . Truly we may say with the Philosopher, 'the deep meaning of the Laws of Mechanism lies heavy on us', . . . and over our noblest faculties is spreading a nightmare sleep." Thus Carlyle, one hundred and seventeen years ago.

Oddly enough, take away the whiskers and shawl and we might have been listening to a double echo of the eminent dyspeptic one day last October at Cooper Union in the persons of Lewis Mumford and Dean John E. Burchard of the School of Humanities and Social Studies of, surprisingly, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "Is it enough," asked Dean Burchard, "to have a fast car, a superhighway, an elegant bridge, a beautiful building, when the whole city is a maze of used-car dumps, parking ramps, neon signs, visual disorder, when every city is like every other city, and there is no particular human reason for living in any particular place?"

And according to Mr. Mumford, man has become increasingly dependent on the machine's care of him, "while machines have become more intelligent, more independent, and more ominously human." This promotes the danger of "a kind of totalitarian society, already partly visible, run by fragmentary men wholly dedicated to the expansion of the empire by the machine."

'Wait for Me!'

Jolted by a *déjà vu* spanning 117 years, I wondered if this wasn't a good time to examine one aspect of the effect of the machine on society. My question, simply put, was: What use is the car making of mankind?

I have completed my survey. The only generality I am prepared to make, and I will withdraw it if anyone objects, is that the car has made us into a people who feel mobile all right, but not mobile enough. Even if we don't want to race, we resent being lapped by the field. This explains the jump to a silly three hundred horsepower or more in many of the 1957 American cars. At moments of flashing clarity, such as 4 A.M., many of us are impelled

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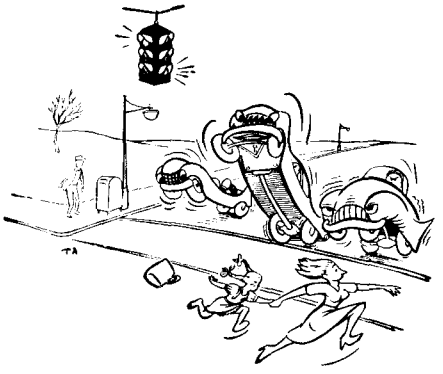
to fling open our casements on the passing world and shout a plaintive "Wait for me!"

We have been led to believe, and surely it is true (especially if we don't take up a lot of time defining our terms), that there has been more progress in our last fifty years than in all the previous history of the human race. That is because, Carlyle's squatter's rights to the contrary notwithstanding, we own the Machine Age. We grew up with it, and even if we can't catch up with it, it's ours, all ours.

PROGRESS is our most compulsive product. In our time (mine, that is), it has taken the daguerreotype and made it into Todd-AO; it has transformed the kite into a jet plane that can outspeed its own bullets; it has worked with the wheel and, as easy as pie, apotheosized it into the stately Rolls-Royce and palatial Cadillac. It has also worked with the atom. By and large, however, ours has been the half century of the internal-combustion engine, or the I.C.E. Age.

Every fall Detroit crawls out of its money to spawn, bringing forth millions of four-wheeled vehicles whose manifest destiny is to provoke Down Payments. Although prompted by half a billion dollars' worth of adjectives, an occasional cough in his present engine, and a sigh in his present wife, the man who needs a new car has learned to await this annual accouchement in a spirit of relative calm. Heaven has rarely been described in such breathless hyperbole as that proclaiming the Detroit brood at hatching time, but as Mary McCarthy and David Riesman have observed, we are losing our childlike enthusiasm in acquiring new things. In this country acquisition is taken for granted, and overdemonstrative elation at owning a product on which probably only the down payment has been made is becoming noticeable by its rarity. The hard sell sooner or later produces a callus.

Nevertheless, in a wildly competitive market, cars are sold by the millions. Three-fourths of all American families own cars, finding them useful to their way of life and a comfortable place in which to live. The living quarters of the big American machine are often more tastefully decorated than one's home, and except for a fireplace, provide many of the most useful appointments to be found in a house. Everybody knows that today's driver and his family can, without leaving the cushions of their car, watch a movie, attend church, or dine on exotic dainties served with French fries by a pert coquette in abbreviated regimentals. He may also pay his monthly installment at the bank, keep abreast of the latest skirmish on the Callas-Tebaldi front by hi-fi radio, and—in the Nash, Hudson, and Rambler—he and his passenger(s) can go to bed. He may have been conceived in a car and is far too likely to die in one. The auto has become the family's jewel, es-



cutcheon, conveyor, entertainer, protector, potential destroyer, and sometimes, it seems, its most important member.

BASICALLY the 1957 American car is an elaborate restatement of the horseless carriage of the early 1900's. The original concept of a personally owned four-wheeled vehicle with pneumatic tires, a steering wheel, an internal-combustion engine where the horse used to be, the gasoline sucked from aft to forward and translated into torque which is transmitted aft again to the rear wheels, is still in force. Only the windshield and bumper among parts we consider vital were missing in the early cars, and some racing cars still do without them. The windshield appeared about 1905 (often as an optional extra), and the bumper was not in general use until after the First World War.

The original squarish rectangular plan of cars has been stretched to Cinerama screen proportions, and fifty years of improvements have been made in driving comfort and convenience, but fundamental changes in the Edwardian prototype have not been made in this country. In contrast, some of the most popular European cars have rear-mounted engines and several have front-wheel drive; some are three-wheeled and there are sports models with a steering wheel in the center.

One hundred and fifty million cars of more than 2,200 makes have been produced in the United States. There are more than fifty-two million registered and in use today. Competition has winnowed the number of makes to nineteen, made by only five companies. Since most of these nineteen look pretty much alike—all longer and lower, as well as more powerful and more expensive than last year's models, and all equipped with gaudy tail fences—I believe the best way to tell one from another is by the expressions on their faces. They all have the wide-eyed configuration of Uotan, the jaguar god of Necaxa, or of a frog playing a harmonica, but each has identifying features.

A Field Guide to the Cars

A man standing in front of a Cadillac may be startled by its voracious scowl under heavy eyebrows, with villainous chromium mustachios growing from its tusks. Chrysler has bawdily mascaraed, deep-set eyes, an aluminum smile, and a jutting lower lip. De Soto has the same alluring eyes, but wears the strained smile of a chorine who has heard a joke and missed the point. Pontiac is a disconsolate bulldog chewing a bone that protrudes from each side of his jaw. Oldsmobile is a crying fish. Hudson's is a smirk from a contented cowl. Four-eyed Lincoln looks placidly over his tiny spectacles. Dodge has a savage grin made more alarming by six canine teeth projecting from the lower jaw. Plymouth resembles a fighting Teddy Roosevelt whose glasses don't fit. Chevrolet is a bright-eyed boy with braces on his teeth. And Ford is a convivial mixer with lifted eyebrows and a smile showing his two lower incisors.

Detroit's version of the traveling living room offers most of the ambi-

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ent qualities of home, except carefree relaxation. In theory, on the open road, for which the American car has been specifically designed, driving should be blissfully restful and diverting. But the superhighways are magnets to even short-distance traffic, and, pressing along at high speed, the motorist often finds himself fixedly intent on the car two seconds ahead. This becomes wearing.

Driving in city or even small-town traffic, with its many stops, bottlenecks, and parking problems, has the effect of reducing some of our best brains and most cultured personages to the emotional level of frustrated ten-year-olds. A motorist is automatically wary of the car ahead and contemptuous of the one behind. Let the car ahead of him do something unlooked-for, and the driver is instantly on guard, his hackles bristling. If the advance car makes two or three unsignaled moves, our driver, in a soaring flush of hypertension, will risk his life and even his car to pass it. After such a trip he is apt to carry his tensions over into his walking, or adult, life.

Faster! Faster! Faster!

A subtle kind of automotive classification occurs at every stop light. Other factors being equal, when the light changes, a 1957 sedan naturally pulls out ahead of a 1956 model of the same car. By protocol, a sleek red car jockeys ahead of a muddy green one. Top rating is accorded to sports cars and taxicabs, or to any car with three or more adolescents in it. Last to move are busses and trucks, which atone for their low caste by racing through any red light practiced judgment tells them they can.

A primary mark of dominance imposed upon us by the common carrier is the urgency for speed. This is an addiction for which we have established no clinics, although in this country more than one hundred people are killed and thousands injured each day in accidents caused in great part by speeding.

In ancient Crete, as a payoff in a protectionist racket, a certain monster known as the Minotaur was periodically fed selected youths and maidens from Athens. He had eaten only twenty-eight attractive young people over a stretch of twenty-seven years when the Athenians induced Theseus to go to Crete, seek out the monster in his labyrinth, and slay him in a framed fight, ending the annoyance. We are more casual about our sacrificial victims because slowing down would be far too high a price for us to pay for their deliverance.

The automobile industry has recognized the danger to its customers by installing collapsible steering wheels, angled safety-beam lights, cushioned dashboards, and safety belts. But each year the horsepower and potential speed of its products are enormously advanced. This is regarded by the manufacturers as a safety measure, permitting a driver, when an accident seems imminent, to tromp on the gas instead of the brake and spurt out of the dangerous neighborhood in a flash. What may happen if the other car is similarly endowed need not concern us here.

If the eminent industrial designers responsible for this year's "Forward Look" in domestic cars are beaming with pride over their handiwork, it is probably not because they believe these are the ideal vehicles for the typical family, but because they feel they have provided a product irresistible to the common denominator of car buyers, who, in their eyes, seems to be an Osage Indian who has just brought in his first gusher.

Excerpts From an Indian Journal—II

CHRISTINE WESTON

New Delhi

There is a crisis in the house because of the cats that keep getting into the garbage. They carry bits of it around and one slips on it in the passage on one's way to bathe, and finds it in the w.c. and even in our rooms. Lekha announces that she is going to buy what she calls a dustbin with a tight lid so the cats can't get into it, but a complication arises because although Krishna, the cook, will place the garbage in the bin, it is the duty of the jamadarni, or sweeper-woman, to empty it, and Krishna, being of high caste, will not be able to handle the dustbin after the jamadarni has touched it.

Lekha and her mother argue this problem during breakfast and Lekha says that Krishna had better learn to put the lid on the dustbin, jamadarni or no jamadarni, or he will find himself out of a job. Usha looks at her daughter reproachfully as only Usha can, and says: "How can you say such a thing? Krishna has been with us eighteen years. Because he is high caste you make it hot for him, and the jamadarni is a slut, and worse than the cats."

Lekha argues crisply and Krishna comes and goes, serving us breakfast, and his sensitive face registers a sort of wistful concern. This backstairs protocol interests me because untouchability has supposedly been done away with under the new Indian constitution, but when I mention this point Usha shrugs. "You cannot," she says, "make people do what they have never done and do not want to do."

"Nonsense," says Lekha. Her tone of voice seldom shifts from the quietly emphatic, whether she is inviting one to join her in a cup of coffee or announcing that ten people have been crushed to death when a house collapsed on them in the early hours of the morning. She is so poised and self-contained that neither her voice nor her manner ever gives one a hint of what she may be feeling.

Although Usha loudly espouses Krishna's case against the jamadarni, she can be tough with him, too, going through his daily bazaar

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account with a fine-tooth comb, interrupting her prayers to scream at him about some lacunae in the day's work. Lekha confides to me that she does not approve of her mother's attitude toward servants. "Usha is the old-fashioned type who believes in keeping servants in what she calls their place. I don't think she is always fair."

These arguments arise frequently and mark a schism in their way of thinking. I find that I understand both, sympathize with both, for while I am intellectually one with Lekha, I realize that Usha has a firsthand experience of her fellow mortals and knows very well that few of them will hesitate to trade on another's kindness. The tight rein she keeps on her servants and on tradespeople is no more than a recognition of this fact. And what distinguishes her from most of the western women I know is her complete lack of sentimentality. She sees through people as if they were glass, and delivers her judgment in a word, or at the most in two: "kind man," "good woman," or "liar," "idiot," "thief." Her English, recently and painfully acquired, has an amazing flexibility and eloquence, and the very difficulty she finds in expressing herself gives it a character lacking in Lekha's or in mine.

Usha never hesitates to plunge into the most complicated discussion, dealing in ideas and abstractions, and her thinking is never fuzzy, nor her expression unclear, though often excruciatingly funny and sometimes indescribably sad. It occurs to me that she would have been quite at home in the early nineteenth century or even in the eighteenth, a small brown Madame Récamier presiding over a salon in an age when women perhaps read little but knew everything.

'She Wants to Die but Cannot'

To return to Krishna. He has a young wife with whom he is deeply in love. In Usha's eyes this infatuation is unreasonable, even absurd. He should, she declares, have left his wife at home in his village and seen her once a year when he went on leave, a custom observed by most servants and by Krishna's own relatives and friends. Instead, he brings his wife to the city, where there is a housing shortage and where rents are exorbitant, and they occupy one corner of a veranda in a friend's house, and his old mother, whom

he has brought along because she is blind and there is no one else to take care of her, shares this corner with husband and wife and sleeps on the floor beside their bed.

"Krishna has made things very inconvenient for me, and very difficult for himself," Usha observes, with a mixture of annoyance and satisfaction. "I told him that arrangement would not work. There are no servants' quarters in this flat, and the veranda where he lives is all he can find. When it rains he will get wet, when it is cold he will freeze, and when summer comes he will die of heat."

But for all her tough-mindedness there is not a grain of unkindness in Usha. Every morning when Krishna comes to work he is allowed to bring his wife and mother. The two women crouch in a sunny corner of the patio and take their meals in the kitchen, and Usha gives them clothes and talks to them as she sits cross-legged on her charpoy, knitting. Krishna's mother is ancient, shriveled, with a face like a dried lichee nut and two sightless, cobwebby eyes. She trembles continuously and seems so forlorn that one wonders what perverse principle of survival keeps the flame of life burning within her.

"She wants to die but cannot," Usha explains in a practical voice, then fetches food for the old woman and stands over the daughter-in-law while the latter feeds her, placing the food in the old woman's mouth in a grotesque reversal of a bird feeding its young. When it rains the two women retire to the kitchen and huddle together among the vegetable peelings and the charcoal, and one never hears them utter a word—they communicate with each other as animals do, by a kind of instinct. One wonders about their fate.

Krishna will always be a servant. Whatever the future might hold for his country, what grandeur there may be, what security, is hardly likely to filter down to him or to his. The realization of this must come home to him at times, and I occasionally surprise a curious expression on his face, an expression that is neither resignation nor despair, but a sort of questioning recognition. It seems that for a man to recognize a situation for what it is and accept it as Krishna does is not merely to assess his personal experience but to be aware of it as part of an overwhelming whole. Certainly if his experience were unique something would be done about it, some protest made; but to be remedied suffering must be conspicuous and individualized, and Krishna's is neither of these.

Going into the kitchen, Usha discovers that the cats have stolen the remains of a meal intended for Krishna's mother and his wife. She screams imprecations and I run out with a folded newspaper and chase three vicious, spitting felines the length of the passage in the hope that they will leap over the railing and break their necks in the courtyard below. Instead they double back between my legs and dash into Lekha's bedroom and cower under her bed, growling. I drive them out finally and they scamper back down the passage and repeat the performance, and I leave them under Lekha's bed simmering like a trio of teakettles.

These are not tame cats but a wandering tribe that discovered the garbage dump and settled down to a life of plenty, aided and abetted by a young Persian couple upstairs, who carry down tidbits to augment the catty diet. This couple are animal lovers yet refuse to take responsibility for their adopted pets. "Let's put the damned cats in a sack and have them carted away," I suggest to Lekha, but she shakes her

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head. "The upstairs people wouldn't like that."

So there is no food for Krishna's wife and his mother until the next meal, some four or five hours away, for we have no refrigerator and edibles are brought fresh every day, cooked, and eaten on the spot. There is no waste—amounts are calculated down to the last curried pea, and what we don't eat goes to the servants, when the cats don't get it. The old mother sits against a sunny wall, her trembling body making a shadow play against the whitewash, and the little wife squats beside her, saying nothing, doing nothing, just sitting. Lekha tells Krishna to make tea for them, and I retire to my room to read Virginia Woolf.

Disaster at Allahabad

Our American friend Zed comes for lunch, with the young journalist Nirmal. Zed is worked up over newspaper accounts of the disaster at Allahabad where several hundred pilgrims to the Kumbh Mela have been crushed to death in a stampede. Nirmal tells us that the casualties will probably amount to over a thousand, most of them women and children. The Kumbh Mela is held every twelve years when the stars are auspicious, and on this occasion they were declared to be more auspicious than ever, so pilgrims came from every corner of the country: rich and poor, old, young, middle-aged, even babies. They came by plane and train, by oxcart or on foot, to bathe in the sacred confluence of the rivers Jamuna and Ganges, to be cleansed of their sins and to beg favor of the gods.

One pictures the scene with its vast makeshift city of tents and shacks, stalls for the vendors of food, teashops and sellers of drinking water, toys, sweets, souvenirs. One sees the European tourists with cameras, the journalists and the politicians come to make friends and influence people. Because this is the most auspicious day of all, the Vsant Panchami, or Festival of Spring, everyone wears yellow—yellow turbans, yellow saris, yellow scarves and caps on the children, and cutting through these flower hues the burning saffron and orange robes of the sadhus, the holy men. Mounted on elephants or striding on foot through the humble crowds, these sadhus are the elite, and the devout press forward to touch their feet or to intercept a blessing from their opium-bleared, lustful eyes.

Five million human beings mill about in an area barely adequate for a quarter that number; a lava-like flood of bodies emerges from the gray waters, cleansed of their sins and infected with heaven knows what germs from the polluted stream. Another horde moves inexorably to meet the first, and they converge in a sort of natural trough in the ground, a declivity made slippery by the passage of many feet. No one knows, no one ever will know, who was the first to lose his footing and fall, dragging a companion with him. One can visualize, even relive in a nightmarish way, the desperate struggle to maintain a foothold on the writhing bodies underneath, and to withstand the implacable pressure of a million others as they surge to and from the sacred stream of salvation.

Salvation! Down they go, in ones and twos and threes and fours. Others pile up on these until the whole trough is filled with the crushed and the suffocating, while the conches of the holy men bray obscenely overhead, the cymbals clash, and an elephant with painted forehead, fearful of losing its footing on the heaving, ductile mass, squeals and wheels aside, crushing a woman and her child face down into the mud.

And this is not the end of the story. There have been hints that all was not well with the official administration of the Mela. For some unexplained reason the authorities lifted the ban on admitting people without inoculation and vaccination certificates and, as the days passed, relaxed supervision of the food and water supply and the sanitary arrangements for these millions. As a result there have been outbreaks of dysentery and cholera. Considering the appalling dimensions of the job, perhaps this breakdown is hardly to be wondered at. But on the heels of the major disaster come further details: An adequate police force at the crucial spot might have prevented this loss of life, but for the fact that certain notables from Delhi had come to the Mela and a sizable detachment of police had been withdrawn to act as an honor guard. We are also told that more than a hundred and fifty young girls have been kidnaped.

Zed demands of Nirmal why such a thing should have been allowed to happen. "Your government knows its own people. It has had experience in handling crowds—surely it would have been possible to avoid such a catastrophe?"

"Who can avoid catastrophe?" inquires Nirmal, helping himself to a chupatti. "This is like a flood or an earthquake. It is in the nature of things."

"But why allow five million people into such a bottleneck?"

"You cannot keep people away from their religious observances," Lekha reminds us in her measured, emphatic voice. "I agree with Nirmal that the Mela tragedy is in the nature of an earthquake or a flood."

"There will be an official inquiry, no doubt," Nirmal assures us soothingly. "Some high-ups will get it in the neck, you will see."

"A thousand not so high-ups have got it in the neck already," Zed retorts, and I noticed that his ears have become bright red, but whether from indignation or from Usha's

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curry it would be hard to say. There is a brief silence. I reflect on the confusion of these young Indians, whose every disaster is inevitably translated by the foreigner into a criticism, implied or explicit, of their creed, their code, or above all, of their incapacity to handle their new freedom.

Krishna pads in and out of the kitchen bearing more chupatties and rice. Lekha puts aside her knitting and helps herself to food.

"An official inquiry will prove nothing," she tells us calmly. "It will drag on and on until the public gets bored reading about it. Then it will be allowed to slip quietly out of the pages, and that will be that."

"If it is not somehow used for political purposes," Nirmal says with a laugh. "This is an election year, don't forget!"

"Correct," says Lekha, and Usha gazes at us with eyes brimming with melancholy wisdom. "We Indians," she murmurs. "Really, we Indians."

"But you can get mad!" explodes Zed. "You can *feel!*"

Nirmal shakes his neat, glossy head. "Bhai, it is not a good thing to get mad or to feel when you can do nothing. It is frustrating, and we are frustrated enough."

The Conscience Is Blank

Zed begins to rage again while Lekha knits and the rest of us listen. My own emotions no longer seem to be on the surface as they used to be, and it takes a poniard, not a bludgeon, to stir me. There is an idea I have about saturation. We hear of "saturation bombing" and for some reason the expression has a numbing effect on the imagination, making it difficult to translate the words into the image of destruction, torn limbs and bodies burning slowly to death, of men and women sundered by shock and children stupefied by fright. With this deadening of imagination, conscience loses its cutting edge. One child trampled to death in a crowd can bring me out of my chair with horror; one thousand reduced to pulp through stupid accident leaves a sort of blank as though I had taken a deep whiff of anaesthetic.

While I respect Zed's reactions, I cannot wholly share them; Lekha's negativism, Nirmal's sense of fatalism I can understand better. To preserve their sense of individuality in this mass society of theirs they must maintain a barrier between themselves and it, or be submerged.

A FIGURE like Krishna stands outside this concept of individuality, and no matter what happens to his world, whether it accepts Communism, achieves some sort of watered-down alternative, or drifts into chaos, he will always stand outside it. Perhaps this is the recognition that I sometimes surprise on his face as he stands in the kitchen door, staring into the rain while his wife and mother crouch in the darkness behind him.

He comes into the dining room now to inform us that one of the cats has littered in the vegetable bin and that the mother won't let him go anywhere near it. We leave the table and troop into the kitchen and a brindled fury flies at us and drives us out again. For the first time in all the months I have been here, I hear Krishna laugh.

(This is the second of a series of articles on India by Miss Weston.)

The Dust Storm

A reminiscence of farming in North Dakota

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

TWO SPRINGS ago, according to local newspapers and to coughing, red-eyed service-station operators in the Rocky Mountains, we drove through the worst dust storm Wyoming had suffered in eighteen years. The wind was prematurely aging the young Rockies, pushing dusty fingers under the loosening fragments of thin topsoil that covered the grazing plateaus, picking up the small greenish gravel from the road shoulders, and hurling dust and gravel into the air at sixty miles an hour. If we dipped into a trough between plateaus, its shelter enabled us to see the laden wind rising over the mountains and the sky running in massive dirty currents above us. After reaching the Coast we replaced the badly pitted window glass, had the car repainted, and cleaned the seats, floor mats, and window crevices. Yet months after we thought we had breathed the last Wyoming grit, we turned on the defroster and blew pulverized bits of the Rocky Mountains all through the car.

Dust storms are like that: No matter how many times you clean or how much you scrub and repaint and dig into crevices, you are always finding another niche the dust has found. And in the dust is the smell of mortality, of fertility swept away and spring vanished.

FOR ME the storm was the revival of the nightmares of childhood, and I breathed again the dust of the storms that drove my family from our North Dakota farm in 1936, when I was nine years old. I remember particularly the storm of the spring when I was in the second grade. That morning in late March the sky had the kind of height that only the sky of a prairie or a desert or a sea can have have; it makes its own boundaries, its symmetry never

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spiked by the reaching of tall trees, never crowded by the peaks of mountains. It was the kind of blue that can come only from the cleansing of melted snow.

But now, after the earth had softened for a few days and allowed the great banks of snow to sink into her embrace, seemingly chilled by her

own compliance, she had hardened again. For a week now, the plowed furrows had been so full of frost that we could walk them as if they were railroad tracks. Gone were the rivulets bearing the snowbanks out into the fields where the fetal leaves sprang forth, marvelously green in the rich black mud. This usually happened, of course; you could expect an early thaw to be followed by a hard freeze. Even so, those first days of fast melting, with their joyous profusion of water, were enough to instill in the most drought-embittered farmer the resolution to try one more crop before he got out.

The ambition nourished by that first thawing sent the farmers out to get in a few days of early plowing, to burn away the thistles collected against the fences, to oil machinery that may have sat under six feet of snow all winter, or just to tramp over their land to check the depth of the moisture and to visualize the August fields. On this morning my father planned to mend fences, and as he piled his heavy ancient equipment into the rear seat of our 1929 Ford he sang one of his favorite songs, "The Bulldog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool." He was singing because perhaps this year there would be no drought, and perhaps our share-the-crop landlord who ran a clothing store twenty miles away would let him plant the way he wanted to plant—not insisting on having the entire crop be soil-depleting wheat—and perhaps the prices would go up enough next fall so that he could buy a secondhand tractor and retire our worn-out team. It was not often that he sang, and I felt good hearing him, because I thought the three-mile ride to school would not be as silent and austere as it usually was.

'When Good Times Come Again'

My mother pushed me out the door after one last "No" to my whinings about taking off my winter underwear. As soon as I felt the wind, I had to admit to myself that I was glad I had lost the argument. This argument was mostly a ritual anyway, to demonstrate my confidence in spring.

On this day, even though I knew the wind meant another month in long underwear, I was happy, because a really hard wind was a wondrous playmate. My mother had shown me how to raise my coat at arm's length over my head and, holding the two corners of it, let the wind fill it and send me sailing along like an iceboat. She had often told me of iceboating on Lake Michigan when she taught school there in the years before the depression, and for some reason the only clear ideas I had about how life would be "when good times come again" were all tied up with iceboating. Except for that, the idea of "good times" was very dim to me, despite my parents' efforts to explain it in material terms: oranges every day, new coats instead of garments pieced together from the least worn parts of discarded adults' coats, a car that was maybe only about two or three years old, for the advent of streamlining had humiliatingly outdated our square old Model A. The thought of being able to visit our relatives in Michigan and go iceboating was the clearest conception I had of good times; surely this was the sort of exhilaration we would all feel every day when good times came again.

There was a good chance that the wind might provide some real excitement that day, it seemed to me. As we drove through the stubble fields of our farm, a miniature whirlwind twisted up from the dry ruts of the road, spun toward us, and broke itself against the car in a small fury of powdered earth, pebbles, and straw. My father sneezed and jerked the car around a rock in the road.

"Do you think there will be a hard wind today?" I asked, trying not to sound too eager and to make dignified conversation about the weather the way grownups did and thus sound interesting to my father. (He always told me not to talk unless I could say something interesting, but I could never figure out just which of my ideas were interesting.)

"*You'd* be happy if it blew ninety miles an hour, wouldn't you?" was his only answer. His light mood was gone already and we weren't even on the main road yet. I was quiet the rest of the way to school.

In school I stared out over the heads of the first-graders from my desk in the middle row of the three-grade room to watch the wind. I could see the Koslovs' washing hung in their back yard. Trouser legs bestrode the air and Old Man Koslov's big-bellied underwear bent double-jointed knees and elbows in drunken imitation of its hard-drinking owner. I looked at Ivan Koslov to see if he was aware that the whole primary room was grinning over his grandfather's underwear, but he was lost in a discouraged slump over his read-

ing book. My father had told me that all the Russians ("Roosians," he called them) were dumb because they plowed up the land in the fall so the wind could blow it over everybody else's land all through the winter and spring and they didn't know how to farm to keep the fertility in the soil, and, worst of all, they wouldn't even bother to learn the English language. This last I knew was true; the parents of many of my Russian schoolmates still didn't

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speak English even though they had lived in North Dakota for many years. It never occurred to me at the time that Ivan and the others might have some excuse for their difficulty with reading. All I knew was that reading class was pretty boring and that it was a relief when the recess bell rang.

At recess, when there wasn't too much snow, we used to play a game called anty-eye-over, using the roof of a long low appendage to the main building. In this game the players on one side throw the ball over to their opponents, yelling "anty-eye-over!" as a signal that it is coming. If the receivers catch the ball, they try to surprise the other team by sneaking around the building and capturing players by hitting them with the ball. The teams took up their positions on either side of a narrow shed covering two separate hallways that led to the two separate little rooms with their four bitterly cold board seats over the trench below, into which the janitor dumped each week enough lye to half-suffocate the users of the rooms. Most of the length of the shed was for the obvious purpose of removing the toilets as far as possible from the classrooms, and so it provided a generous space for our game. On this day, though, the wind did such ridiculous things with the ball that we had to give up and play the wind's games. We used our coats for sails or experimented with nonchalant off-balance poses leaning into the wind.

In the Koslovs' field behind the school, last year's dead tumbleweeds (we called them Russian thistles) unwound their roots from the disintegrating earth and came sweeping erratically across the ground at us. We played a tense game of tag with these brown stinging monsters, the tangible claws of the unseen wind, the articulation of its anger. They would hook into each other and roll in a dragging bumping wave till they caught in a fence.

A Hungry God

By noon the whirlwinds were everywhere and had dried up the surface of the fields. The whirlwinds rushed across the playground sucking up lunch bags, old papers, and caps of children trying to eat their lunches outside. I was fast losing my enthusiasm for this wind. Only last summer a big tornado had passed less than ten miles south of us. We had all gone down into the storm cellar to wait for it to come and pull our house up into its widening funnel. It had spared us, but the cloudburst that went with it had not. Yet the things the tornado did to other people made us ashamed to complain about the ruin we suffered from the cloudburst.

I was through with this wind as a playmate. The sky was already dim with dust and the dirt was splatting into my eyes and mouth. I went back into the schoolroom and watched Ivan Koslov and his sister Neva and some of the others eating apples. They all got boxes of apples from the relief. "Why don't *you* go on relief?" they asked me. I didn't answer them. My mother had told me we were too proud to be on relief. My father had gone to apply for a WPA job on the highway once, but the administrator had asked him to say that we were even poorer than we were, and he wouldn't lie. He knew most of the others had lied to get their jobs, but he would have starved rather than resort to a "Roosian trick." So I was really proud that we didn't have apples.

I turned away from the feast and got a book to read. It was a book of fairy tales, and in the corner of a map on the end papers was a supposedly whimsical depiction of the North Wind. He had a fat dissipated face with billowy cheeks, and his eyes glittered greedily under the icicled eyebrows. By the time lunch hour was over the sounds of the god's hunger and of his reverberating digestion were too much for the teacher to talk above, and she let all three grades have an unprecedented extra art period. But even the luxury of cutting colored paper and making clay animals did not relieve our tension. We feared daytime darkness as savages do, knowing that the earth's disasters were our own.

BY FOUR O'CLOCK, dismissal time, there was a besieged line of vehicles outside the school gates. Most of the men were in open wagons, as was my father, because very few people could afford buggies, and practically all of the cars in that area were, like ours, too vulnerable to trust to such weather. Some of the men were standing on the lee side of their horses, like Arabs in a sandstorm—but not my father. He wouldn't ask a horse to take anything he wouldn't take. He sat on the plank thrown across the sides of the wagon box, the bill of his earmuffed hunting cap slanting over his eyes and the collar of his sheepskin coat hunched up along the back of his neck. He had done what he could for the horses; there were old blankets over their backs under the harness and feed bags up over their nostrils for dust filters.

Before I had got a foot on the hub of the wheel, which I used as a step, my father reached down his gloved hand and jerked me up into the wagon. Although we usually sat

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apart—I often in the back hanging my legs over the flapping tailgate—this time he pulled me hard against him to give me all the protection he could. He wrapped a heavy cowhide around me, draping its tannery-smelling stiffness over my head, with the dusty tickling hairs touching my cheek. Each vehicle in turn detached itself from the group, leaving the illusion of solidarity for the reality of solitude in the shrieking storm. The three miles home took us almost two hours.

'A Lot of Dirt'

Usually on my return from school my mother would welcome me with some casual questions about what I had done that day. But now she kept her face turned away from me and greeted me with an order to wash and pour some milk. I went to the small wooden box under the window sill where we kept the Mason jars full of whole milk we saved out before running the rest of the milking through the cream separator. We kept the box there because so much cold air came in around the window in winter.

As I bent to pick up the milk I noticed the damp rags that were stuffed into the cracks between the window frame and the sash and lying along the sills. They were black with dust.

"Boy, there's a lot of dirt here!" I said.

My mother didn't look up from the stove. "That's not the only place there's a lot of dirt." Only twice before had her voice sounded like that—once when my grandfather died and once when I accidentally broke the only window in our dark little kitchen. Terrified, I stared about me and saw that the dust was sifting down everywhere.

The kitchen was actually a lean-to addition to the other two rooms in the house, and keeping it livable was a losing battle but one that my parents never gave up. Once a year, in the spring before outdoor work began and after the last melting snow could seep down from the roof and stain the walls, we spent the money for paint. It was the cheapest calcimine available, but things did look much better for a while, and the annual refurbishing of the kitchen was a kind of treat for us.

Inspired by the thaw, we had painted just after the last snow stain had dried in the plaster. Along with the farmers who had planted too

early, we had been too ambitious, too eager for spring. Now this house that my mother was always so ashamed of would bear the depressing murkiness of the storm all year long. There would be summer days when the thermometer read one hundred degrees outside and yet she would have to build a fire in the coal stove to heat the water for washing and heating the sadirons. There would be the months of dim winter when the sun rose long cold hours after we did and set again in a frozen peach-colored sky hours before suppertime. And through all those days she would look up from her iron or her washboard or her kneading or her nightly mending by the kerosene lamp to behold those foul darkening streaks on the walls that contained all of her life—all of it that was not spent outside toiling in whatever black earth remained to us.

In that same awful voice she broke out, "Oh, what's the use of trying!"

If she was going to cry, then here indeed was the end of hope—things could only get worse, always and always worse.

No Rain, No Roots

The next morning the sky was very blue again, in the way it has of being especially blue just after storms. My father had gone looking for the stock. The dust, catching in the Russian thistles that were clinging to the fences, had packed so hard and piled so high in several sheltered areas that the cattle and horses had walked right up the dirt banks and over the fence.

Once, in the memory of my own grandparents, that atomized earth had been nearly impossible to break with a plow. Enriched by the floods of vanished rivers, the droppings and bones of numberless generations of buffalo, the mulch of thousands of summers of grass, it waited now, an unsalvageable encumbrance upon the sagging fence—waited to be carried farther and farther, scalding other fields in its passing, finally coming to its grave in the Mississippi Delta. There was no rain to hold it for us, no rain to nourish clutching roots before the next wind.

A prairie child, walking in the loneliness of great spaces, absorbs familiarity with eternity. In that enduring loneliness I might have existed through centuries of freedom and bounty, when the grass rose to the shoulders of the buffalo and the grass and the buffalo fed each other, and the land and the grass held each other against wind and drought. This eternity of abundance had spread a feast for the bread-hungry world and for the soul of the farmer—but the farmer's soul had been too small to cherish the immense heritage.

Through the storm I was being informed that this eternity could not survive the ignorance of men. I was learning why my father sorrowed for the land, angrily grinding the dust in his teeth and thinking of the impossible combination of men and elements he faced—the illiterate "Roosians," the exploiting farmers, their exploiting absentee landlords, the wind, the drought. No dust storms began on his farm, but once the wind was full of dust his farm suffered along with the rest.

WHILE I was eating my oatmeal the morning after the storm, my mother said, "Oh, I just feel so sorry for Daddy. He worked all morning in that wind yesterday on the north fence." This was all she said about the storm.

My father came in to take me to school. He didn't even say whether he had managed to round up the stock. A wind too big to allow communication was still all around us and inside of us.

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The Maestro's Last Opera

ROLAND GELATT

ARTURO TOSCANINI'S career as a conductor opened with a performance of *Aïda* at the Pedro II Imperial Theater, Rio de Janeiro, in June, 1886; it closed, also with *Aïda,* at Carnegie Hall, New York, in June, 1954. Officially, Toscanini had said farewell on April 4, 1954, at the conclusion of his widely publicized all-Wagner concert with the NBC Symphony. Yet a few weeks later he was back in Carnegie Hall, empty of spectators now, to conduct his orchestra truly for the last time.

The occasion was a recording session. In 1949, Toscanini had directed a complete performance of *Aïda* during his regular series of broadcast concerts. It had, of course, been taken down on records; but before approving them for release, the conductor insisted on remaking certain passages, and it was these pages of music that brought him to his final hours on the podium. Whether by design or not, a matchless career was made to come full circle—*Aïda* to *Aïda* in sixty-eight years.

RCA Victor intended to issue the Maestro's recording of *Aïda* in honor of his ninetieth birthday. The album (LM 6132) came out on schedule early in March—but as a memorial, not a celebration. It is the last complete opera recording by Toscanini in Victor's vaults, the final documentation in sound of our era's greatest operatic conductor. The greatest? Yes, most people would be inclined to employ that abused superlative. And yet, confronted with the evidence of Toscanini's operatic work on records, many eminently knowledgeable and sensitive listeners have been obliged to qualify their enthusiasm.

Their brief against Toscanini—more particularly, the latter-day Toscanini—can be well presented by quoting from a British critical compendium entitled *The Record Guide.* "All his life," we are told in its pages, "Toscanini has wrestled with the vanity and unmusicality of singers; and now, in his old age, the attitude of mind produced by his lifelong struggle has hardened into inflexibility. . . . In the process of defeating the tyranny of singers Toscanini has developed a still more rigid tyranny of his own." He is accused of having engaged artistically pallid singers, and of having driven them toward a remorselessly accurate but essentially unoperatic performing style. The brilliance of orchestral execution in his opera recordings is acknowledged, the historic interest of his interpretations is conceded; but these achievements leave unsatisfied those who do not think of opera merely as a symphonic work, and for whom the human voice is not an instrument among others.

SUCH PEOPLE will greet the newly issued *Aïda,* I suspect, with dispassion. Its cast cannot be expected to give connoisseurs of vocalism the delights they seek. Admittedly, 1949 was hardly the best year for casting *Aïda;* even so, only one of Toscanini's singers could have been defended as the most proficient current exponent of his or her role. That singer was the American tenor Richard Tucker, a Radames of nicely balanced vocal thrust and musical sensitivity. But surely, with all the world to draw upon, someone more impressive than Herva Nelli could have been found for the Aïda and someone more opulent and finished than Eva Gustavson for the Amneris.

Toscanini doubtless sought malleable singers; these, however, proved yielding to the point where frequently they sound thoroughly frightened and intimidated. Their anxiety is perhaps understandable in the sections where Toscanini pursued a breakneck tempo with his stern eye-on-the-next-bar drive. No lovers ever declared their willingness to flee with such headlong breathlessness as do Tucker and Nelli in the *"Si: fuggiam da queste mura"* finale of their Act III scene. Yet even when the pace is more leisurely and the direction more permissive (for Toscanini did, contrary to legend, allow an occasional pause), his singers seem repressed, tentative, awe-struck. And what opera fan throws his hat into the air over a repressed prima donna?

Whisper and Whiplash

This Toscanini *Aïda* is, in truth, more for music lovers than opera lovers (the two species are not, fortunately, always mutually exclusive). Listeners who can dismiss its obvious vocal limitations, or who at least are not unduly bothered by them, will find yet another example of Toscanini's uncanny ability to exhibit great refinement and tumultuous power under, so to speak, the same theatrical roof. Conductors of refined musical instincts are occasionally encountered in the opera house, but their delicacy is apt to be achieved at the expense of vigor. Again, opera conductors of turbulent energy are not especially unusual, but their intensity is too often compromised by vulgarity. Toscanini was able to summon both qualities and hold them in marvelous balance.

The ethereal, patrician side of his musical nature is given full scope in *Aïda,* an opera that is far from being all pomp and fustian and bluster. One hears it in the plastic, *sotto voce* enunciation of the Prel-

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ude; the sober chanting of Ramfis and the priests in the Temple Scene with its evocation of celestial mystery; the artfully rubatoed ballet sequences; the bleak, hopeless aura of the final scene in the crypt.

How exciting, by contrast, is the application of Toscanini's whiplash! Almost any conductor can make an effect with the martial *"Guerra"* chorus, but Toscanini raises it to new heights of thrilling propulsion. Similarly, it is usual opera-house practice to build a climax on the shock of recognition when Radames discovers that Aïda's father is his enemy Amonasro, but the excitement here attains a heat that is anything but usual. What a progression Toscanini makes of it: stupefied incredulity, marked by slashing orchestral thunderclaps that punctuate the exclamation *"Tu! Amonasro! Tu! il Re?";* then cold panic, with a driving acceleration of tempo on *"non è ver, non è ver";* finally, benumbed perplexity, as precisely articulated strings underline the words *"sogno—delirio è questo!"* All this is implicit in Verdi's score, of course, but who else has brought it to life at this pitch?

RECORD COLLECTORS are more than ordinarily prone to the "If only . . ." failing. If only tape recording had been developed in time to capture Toscanini's *Aïda* during his tenure at the Metropolitan, when Destinn, Caruso, and Amato were on hand to fill the cast! If only he had consented to record during his later years at La Scala, when Raisa, Pertile, and Stabile were available to do his bidding! If only he had been recorded in an auditorium more amenable to his apocalyptic climaxes than NBC's infamous Studio 8H! We can muse on all these possibilities, but we have been left with RCA Victor LM 6132. My advice is to acquire it and, acknowledging its defects, to treasure it for the portals of discovery that Toscanini has opened.

Adenauer's Germany: How Firm a Foundation?

GORDON A. CRAIG

ADENAUER: HIS AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY, by Paul Weymar. Translated from the German by Peter De Mendelssohn. *Dutton. $5.95.*

A WATCHER ON THE RHINE: AN APPRAISAL OF GERMANY TODAY, by Brian Connell. *Morrow. $4.*

In September, 1944, when Konrad Adenauer was arrested by the Gestapo, he was taken to Brauweiler Prison and, before being locked up, was relieved of his suspenders, tie, shoelaces, and pocket knife. After this was done, the prison warden said to him: "Now, please do not commit suicide. You would only cause me no end of trouble. You're sixty-eight years old, and your life is over anyway."

The Gestapo official was probably not the first and certainly not the last person to make the mistake of predicting the imminent termination of Adenauer's career. Only about six months ago there were lots of political observers who were confident that the Old Man was on his way out. They pointed to his unhappy visit to Moscow in September, 1955, a junket which was expected to be a diplomatic triumph but which did not live up to its advance publicity; they dilated on Adenauer's increasingly erratic political tactics after his return from Moscow—his ill-considered alienation of Dr. Thomas Dehler and the Free Democrats, for instance, which had unfortunate repercussions in local elections in North Rhine-Westphalia early last year; and they wrote with assurance that when the Germans elected a new Bundestag, the Adenauer magic would have been dissipated completely and his control would be smashed with ease.

The national elections are still nearly six months away, but the Chan-

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cellor seems to have taken a new lease on life and to be growing stronger rather than weaker. Responses to public-opinion polls taken in December of last year indicate that the apprehension aroused in Germany by the Hungarian and Middle Eastern crises have worked in Adenauer's favor, just as they worked to President Eisenhower's advantage in this country last November. Fifty-one per cent of the persons polled felt that the Chancellor knew what he was doing and that in these dangerous days he should be kept at the helm.

Nor has this been the only reason for Adenauer's strengthened position. More recently, the six-power agreements for a common market and a European atomic-energy community (Euratom) have been of undoubted political advantage to the Chancellor, for he can claim, quite legitimately, that these accords prove the practicability of the program for the United Europe he has consistently advocated since the end of the war.

The Years in Cologne

Whatever may be the state of Konrad Adenauer's political fortunes by September, when the elections are held, his long and remarkable career—now described in detail in Paul Weymar's authorized biography—has already assured him of an honorable place in German history. Born in 1876 in Cologne, he was trained in the law, entered the civil service of his native city in 1906, and served as its Lord Mayor from 1917 to 1933. The kind of political tactics Adenauer uses today, and even some aspects of his present policies, come from the years in Cologne.

It was during that period that he acquired his aversion to socialism (perhaps because of his experiences with the Workers' and Soldiers' Council which took over his city in the revolutionary disorders of 1918-1919). It was then that he first became interested in reconciliation with France, an interest which is respected today but which, in the period 1918-1923, led his enemies to accuse him of being a separatist; this charge has dogged him through the years and may even have had something to do with his dismissal as appointed Lord Mayor of Cologne when the British took over from

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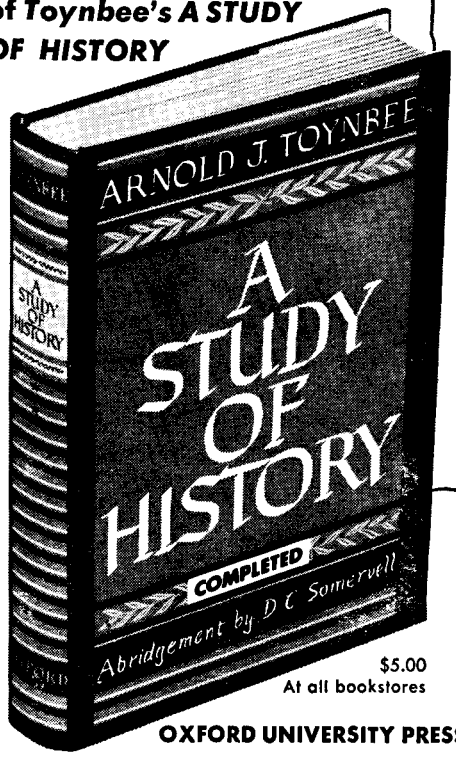

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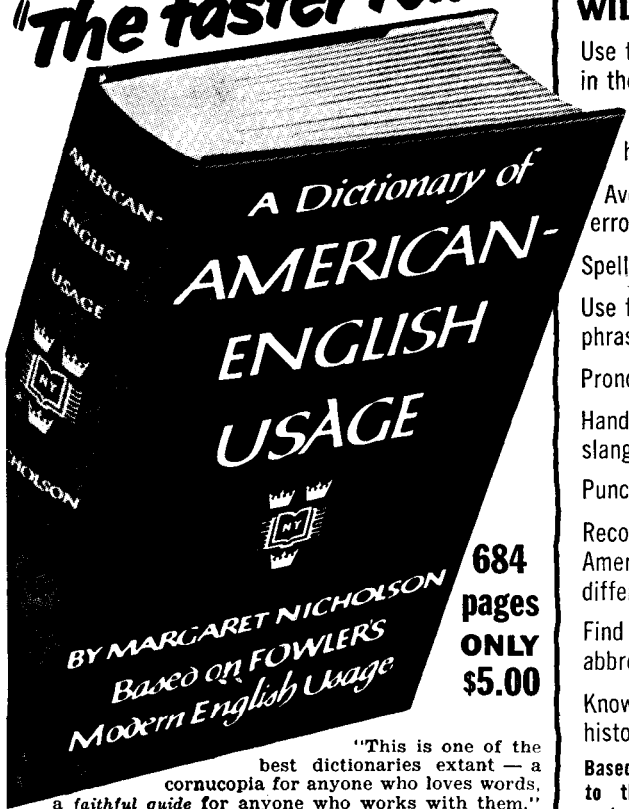

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the American occupation authorities in 1945. It was during his earlier tenure as Mayor of Cologne also that Adenauer developed the highhandedness that has so often infuriated his Opposition and even his own ministerial colleagues. Then, too, he acquired the arts of dissimulation which have exposed him to charges of hypocrisy, as well as that skill in personal negotiation to which he owes so much of his success and which has been described by a former antagonist as "the remarkable gift of generating warmth and friendliness in precisely the direction where he senses his own advantage."

BESIDES being Lord Mayor of Cologne, Adenauer was a member of the Central Committee of the Catholic Center Party and, during much of the Weimar period, president of the Prussian State Council. He was, in short, an important and influential person; and it was not surprising that, after the fall of the Luther Cabinet in the spring of 1926, he should have been invited by President von Hindenburg to try to form a new Ministry. In this first try at the Chancellorship, Adenauer failed because of irreconcilable differences between the parties he wished to join in coalition. In a memorandum written for the Weymar book, he claims that he was balked by Gustav Stresemann, but it is unnecessary to regard this as anything more than an expression of Adenauer's hardly disguised dislike for his great predecessor.

Always a forthright and stubborn man, Adenauer refused to make any concessions to Nazism, and he carried his forthrightness to the point of refusing to allow flags to be put out on public buildings when Hitler visited Cologne after his accession to power. The Führer, of course, was not a man to forgive that kind of slight, and Adenauer was deprived of all his offices. During the rest of the Nazi period he lived in a kind of nervous retirement that was interrupted twice by arrests. These two periods of imprisonment, it should be noted, were not justified by any conspiratorial activity on his part. According to his biographer, Adenauer refused to have any dealings with the resistance movement, for characteristically personal reasons: ". . . he had no faith in the success of an undertaking led by [Karl] Gördeler." Like Adenauer himself, Gördeler was one of the great Lord Mayors of the Weimar period. Neither that fact nor Gördeler's execution for his resistance activity seems to have aroused any sympathy in Adenauer. In a brief reference to the failure of the conspiracy,

his authorized biography merely notes that the events of July 20, 1944, justified his doubts in Gördeler's plans.

A Patchwork Miracle?

The collapse of 1945 ushered in the period of Konrad Adenauer's greatest achievement. Starting in that year, he took a leading part in building up the Christian Democratic Union and by 1946 was regarded as its leader. Two years later, when the Western Germany Parliamentary Council was established and authorized to draft a constitution, he was its president; and in September, 1949, when the first Federal Parliament convened, he attained the position he had missed in 1926 and became Chancellor.

The nation his government had to rule was still suffering from the physical and psychological destruction of the war. During the next seven and a half years—while Adenauer's diplomacy won an ever greater degree of political freedom for the Republic—the physical damage was repaired and the economic boom, which still impresses visitors to West Germany, got under way. The real problem for any student of German affairs today is whether this much-admired "German miracle" is anything but superficial patchwork. This is the problem to which Brian Connell addresses himself in his excellent survey of conditions in Germany today—a book that is much more searching than Mr. Weymar's and, when it deals with Adenauer, much more critical.

THE "reality in western Germany today, where faces have the liverish pallor of overeating, and voices a fresh edge of incipient arrogance," fascinates and frightens Mr. Connell. The impressive level of prosperity that the Germans have attained in these years doubtless demonstrates what can be achieved by a population reduced to the rags in which it stands but determined to regain a reasonable standard of life. And yet isn't there something neurotic about the way the Germans have plunged into this activity?

One suspects that backbreaking and utterly exhausting labor is seized upon as a means of escaping from the necessity of thinking about Germany's recent past and trying to learn something from it. Mr. Connell finds the Germans "tense, hurried, purpose-bedevilled"; in society as a whole he feels a psychological imbalance that does not augur well. Under the surface lie all the forces that have had such tragic results in the past—nationalism, irredentism, militarism, and managerial ambition and lust for power on the part of big business. These things are kept in check, at least for the moment, by booming prosperity. But what if the boom collapses? The saddest thing about the new Germany is that it is so much like the old. The forces that threaten the Republic have not been balanced by any conspicuous democratic gains, capable of making Adenauer's Ger-

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many stronger in adversity than the Weimar Republic proved to be.

And has not Adenauer himself contributed to this result? Do not his chosen methods of governing militate against the development of democratic procedure? He relies, for instance, on a kind of "kitchen Cabinet" which is responsible neither to the Bundestag nor to the people, a camarilla in the Wilhelm II tradition, composed of senior civil servants like Walter Hallstein and Hans Globke and bankers like Robert Pferdemenges and Hermann Abs, which reaches major policy decisions without any consultation of the official Ministry. In Mr. Connell's opinion, this impatience with democratic methods (or refusal to use them) is dangerous, and he believes that the Chancellor's avoidance of majority decisions whenever possible and his thinly disguised contempt for his parliamentary Opposition has delayed the development in Germany of that element which is essential to any healthy public life, a sense of communal responsibility. If the present boom should disappear, the lack of that sense might promote the atomization of German society and allow the whole Republic to pass under the control of the Soviet Union.

THIS is a serious criticism that will have to be weighed in any final estimate of Adenauer's stature as a statesman. But, while admitting the disservice which the Chancellor's domestic methods may render the cause of German democracy, we should remember that it is offset to some degree by other things. For example, no one could be a harsher critic of the dark strains in the German character than Adenauer himself has been on many occasions. To a people that has twice succumbed to nationalistic megalomania, he has had the courage to preach that the nation-state can no longer be regarded as an end in itself, and that Germany must become a part of a United Europe. The diplomatic course followed by the Chancellor, and illustrated most recently by the Euratom and common-market agreements, may prove in the end to be the most effective way of defeating the subterranean forces Mr. Connell rightly fears.

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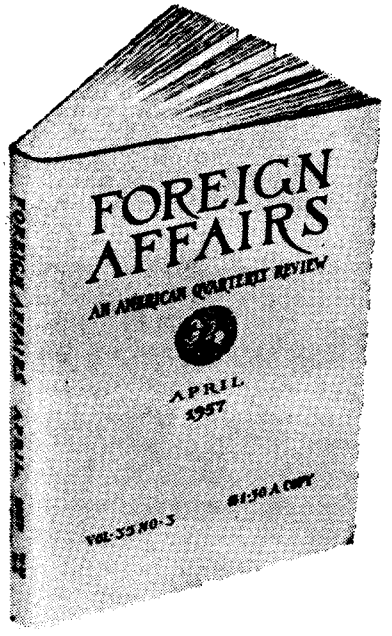

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The Inferno Of Albert Camus

RALPH RUSSELL

THE FALL, by Albert Camus. *Knopf. $3.00.*

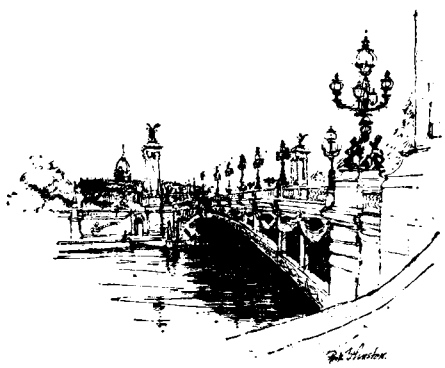
The scene is a dive in Amsterdam: a waterfront bar presided over by a gorilla of a proprietor and frequented by sailors, prostitutes, petty racketeers, and a former Paris lawyer, now apparently down on his luck, named Jean-Baptiste Clamence. A tourist who has wandered in is having trouble catching the proprietor's eye, and Clamence comes to his assistance. "May I, *monsieur*, offer my services without running the risk of intruding?" The question sets off a monologue—or rather a series of monologues, delivered in the bar, on an island in the Zuider Zee, on a steamboat, and finally in Clamence's sparsely furnished room—a monologue that presumably holds the listener transfixed, like the Wedding Guest, and that lasts as long as the book does.

As Clamence talks away, he touches on many things—love, politics, suicide, the theater, the Dutch, mountains and caves and islands, crime, and the law—but the thread that runs through his shifting discourse is the story of his life, and particularly of a moral crisis that overwhelmed him at the height of his powers and led him to despise himself, abandon Paris and his profession, and hole up in Amsterdam, where his chief diversions appear to be drinking gin and buttonholing strangers.

In each of Mr. Camus's two previous novels, he has told a spare story and employed a minimum of characters; in this one, the story is so bare as to be almost nonexistent, and the characters have been reduced to the irreducible minimum of one. "I, I, I is the refrain of my whole life . . ." Clamence complains, and other people—a concierge's wife, a few lawyers, a few friends, some women—are admitted into his narrative for only a line or two, to point a moral or illustrate a human infirmity. As for the listener, we gradually learn that he is French too, also a lawyer, prosperous and literate. But that's all.

The Girl on the Bridge

With all of Clamence's digressions, it is quickly apparent that what obsesses him is virtue. "Do you have any possessions? Some? Good. Have you shared them with the poor? No?" he asks the listener, and at once confesses that he too had been rich and shared nothing with the poor. He sketches himself as he was then—a healthy specimen who slept



well, made love well, and played well, a silver-tongued attorney who specialized in noble cases, a sort of superman who "freely held sway bathed in a light as of Eden" and aspired only to reach "that supreme summit where virtue is its own reward." In those days, admired by all and especially by himself, he took great pleasure in leading blind men across the street, giving up his seat in busses, and lending a hand in general, and he took great pride in being an intermediary between the detestable judge, whose job it is to punish, and the pitiable criminal, whose job it is to expiate.

Pride goeth, et cetera, and inevitably Clamence's picture of himself begins to disintegrate. A humiliating street fight makes him realize that "every intelligent man . . . dreams of being a gangster and of ruling over society by force alone." He discovers his own duplicity—"modesty helped me to shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress." He comes to loathe even his courtesy, for after helping a blind man he has the habit of tipping his hat, a benefactor acknowledging the world's tribute. Worst of all, crossing the Seine one night, he passes a girl staring down over the bridge railing and soon hears the sound of a body hitting the water and then, downstream, repeated cries; he hesitates, tells himself to do something fast, succumbs to an "irresistible weakness," and walks slowly on. For some days thereafter, he doesn't read the papers.

With his self-esteem crumbling, Clamence is only irked by his good reputation. Desperately, he experiments with love, but finds that he can love only himself; with chastity, which turns out to be a great bore; and with debauchery, which he praises highly, not for itself so much as for its aftereffect—a fatigue that cauterizes one's raw spots, that brings one to the point where "Nothing remained but to grow older." But the peace of enervation, too, proves illusory. Everywhere Clamence goes, the drowning girl follows; everywhere lies what he calls "the bitter water" of his baptism.

At this point in his narrative, Clamence is seized by a very frenzy of ideas, some of them brilliant, some merely odd—ideas about God; ideas about Jesus, whose conscience, he says, could not have been altogether clear (He "must have heard of a certain Slaughter of the Innocents. The children of Judea massacred while his parents were taking him to a safe place—why did they die if not because of him?"); and ideas about himself—"an empty prophet for shabby times . . . showering imprecations on lawless men who cannot endure any judgment." Here the patient listener, the man who dropped in for a drink—the reader, too—is ready for the denouement.

'It Will Always Be Too Late'

All along, Clamence has scattered hints, clues, non sequiturs, cryptograms—words no sooner spoken than swallowed, ideas dropped in midsentence. Now he sets out to clear things up. On several occasions he

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has mentioned that his present profession is that of "judge-penitent," but each time, squirming and covering his tracks, he has backed off from what this meant. This time he starts with a characteristically slow account of how, as a prisoner in North Africa during the Second World War, he was, through the whim or inspiration of a demented fellow prisoner, chosen pope of his tent. The idea appeared ridiculous to him at first, and later perhaps not so ridiculous after all. Then he shows the listener a painting called "The Just Judges" which a tough of his acquaintance had stolen from a church and turned over to the gorilla-like saloonkeeper, who had turned it over to him—for safekeeping. The police of several countries are searching for the thief, the church is displaying a counterfeit, but the true "Just Judges" remains in Clamence's cupboard.

Then, at long last, leaving the listener to make what he will of these papal and judicial symbols, Clamence explains that as "judge-penitent" he is both the criminal whom he used to condescend to and the judge whom he used to scorn. Indeed, fearing that he will be judged by others, he judges himself first and then all other men. Pitying without absolving, understanding without forgiving, he enjoys haranguing and needling the wretches at the bar, and when he comes across someone like the listener he fancies that he is holding up a mirror to the man's vices and deformities. He is once more on the moral pedestal, lording it over his fellow man, exalted in his guilt as he was in his innocence. But then again, perhaps he isn't. There is always the girl crying in the Seine. "Brr . . . ! The water's so cold!" he says as the book ends. "But let's not worry. It's too late now. It will always be too late. Fortunately!"

THIS is a short book but a highly concentrated one, and a summary can scarcely do justice to the drama of a false and transient innocence, a swift and mechanical fall, and a real and prolonged guilt. I can only suggest that the reader tackle the book himself, and add that it is well worth it. Mr. Camus casts an unflinching eye on the basic

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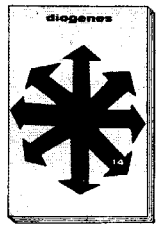

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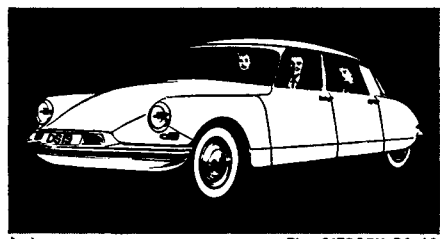

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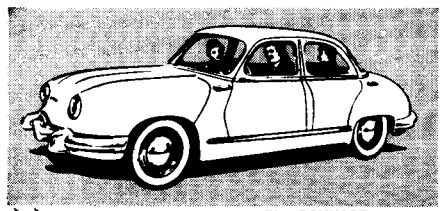

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moral problems of our day, and at forty-three he has taken on the stature of a sage not only in France, where his intellectual struggles sometimes assume the proportions of Cabinet crises, but in America, too, for one hears that he is one of the heroes of our brighter college students.

The Fall is unquestionably an event, but it is hard to say what the event means, or even what sort of book it is. It has been called a parable, but a parable is a story with a point and here there is little story and no easily discernible point. Even in France, there must have been some confusion as to what *The Fall* meant and whom Clamence was intended to represent, for Mr. Camus has seen fit to add to the English edition an epigraph from Lermontov about *his* book *A Hero of Our Time* (1839): "'A Hero of Our Time,' gentlemen, is in fact a portrait, but not of an individual; it is the aggregate of the vices of our whole generation in their fullest expression."

This, at least, suggests the considerable way in which the Camus book succeeds. Using some of the techniques of Browning's dramatic monologues, borrowing something of the cynicism and acerbity of a long line of French writers, including La Rochefoucauld and Molière, Mr. Camus does a clean-cut demolition job on human motives, human pretensions, and human virtues; he blasts the average lover, lawyer, politician, and humanitarian sky-high. This has been done before, of course, and no doubt politics, love, and decency will survive, but it is salutary to have it done again by Mr. Camus, who writes with a provocative subtlety that scarcely any other modern writer can match. Some of his ideas are plainly derivative, and a few are even a trifle banal, but most are sharp and fresh, and in circling around them, dropping them, and returning to them, with increasing power and an ever-changing emphasis, he creates a sort of intellectual suspense that is rare indeed.

Lasciate ogni Speranza

So far, so good. In the final monologue, though, it seems to me, Mr. Camus shrugs the whole thing off. He has done what he says somewhere that Kafka does in *The Trial*—"offers everything and confirms nothing." Until near the end of the book, Clamence—composite or character, symbol or individual, it doesn't matter—genuinely conveys "the vices of our whole generation." Then, as he withdraws to his cloud-covered mountaintop, he deliberately throws suspicion on himself, ticking off the writers of all confessions, including his own, for dressing up the corpse. One winds up wondering what Mr. Camus really thinks of his hero. Is Clamence a megalomaniac, a figure of morbid fun, a chronic liar, a serious spokesman, or none of these, or all of these? One gets no answer.

When Mr. Camus wants to, he can write with great clarity, so one must suppose that it was by design that he ended an otherwise brilliant book in a haze of spoofery, caprice, and mystification.

It must be added that Mr. Camus, an ambitious writer, is apparently out to create a body of work rather than a series of detached and self-contained novels, and he will undoubtedly have more to say about guilt and innocence, virtue and vice. In *The Fall*, he compares Amsterdam with its concentric canals to Hell with its concentric circles, and he calls his hero Jean-Baptiste. Well, Hell was only the first of three places that Dante visited, and John the Baptist was only a forerunner. It is extremely doubtful that Mr. Camus will leave the girl in the water and modern man sickly surveying his conscience at a derelicts' bar in Amsterdam.

Tourists Never Go There

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

VILLAGE IN THE VAUCLUSE, by Laurence Wylie. *Harvard. $5.50.*

It could be argued, but the argument would not get very far, that our need to know the details of life in Peyrane, a village of the South of France, is not a pressing one. The *Michelin Guide* does not list Peyrane. Perched on a hilltop, the village boasts no restaurant "worth the trip," no hotel terrace "with a view"; no Counts of Provence, no troubadours are buried in its undistinguished church. The infinitely depressing *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe* (Sloane) does not list Peyrane either, which is not surprising since the village could hardly provide him with occasion to give counsel as to the best way of making pickups or to warn travelers desirous of witnessing salacious "exhibitions" that they should insist on seeing the dirt before paying. Tourists do not go to Peyrane, and were they to do

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so the village people would not know what to do with them.

Peyrane is just a French village. But Thomas Hardy's villages are just English villages, if much more dismal than most; Turgenev's villages are just villages in Russia that one cannot even find on a map; Ignazio Silone's villages are just villages in southern Italy. And the writer does not even have to be great. A man who reports accurately and honestly will be, in his way, as interesting and as useful as the artist whose account is always heightened, illumined, and interpreted.

"If you are going to Peyrane you are not simply passing through on your way elsewhere. [The road climbs the hill to the village and stops dead.] You must have some reason for going there."

In Mr. Wylie's case there was no "if." With his wife and children he went to Peyrane and lived there for a year. His reason for going seems clear: He was bored to death, and exasperated beyond telling, by generalizations about a nation he had known and liked. Floods of political, literary, and pseudo-philosophical reporting have been reducing France to a dreary intellectual screen on which disincarnated figures fight each other to a standstill. The conversation overheard from France has been between petulant ghosts: Simone de Beauvoir chattering about women, Sartre chattering about despair and the heroism that must be made to spring from it; or it has been the endless chatter of the politicians—about taxes, about making or unmaking Europe, or about lost grandeur. No one has been talking about people simply earning a living, or about the young couple taking a weekend in the country, driving their 2 CV Citroën, riding their tandem bicycle, hiring a rowboat on the Marne. And no one has been speaking of the villages except to say that the villagers cannot be brought to pay their taxes.

Mr. Wylie, one suspects, got fed up with the conspiracy to persuade him that there is no life anywhere in France. He went to Peyrane.

The great French historian Fustel de Coulanges, whenever one of his students proposed some sweeping generalization, would stop him short. "Have you a text?" he would ask. *Village in the Vaucluse* is a text Fustel would have enjoyed. It is meticulous and precise documentation that the inhabitants of a definitely situated community in France, in our times, are living with prudence, humor, enjoyment, and dignity. They also have their troubles, their griefs, and their failures. The men play at the game of *boules*, the volunteer firemen have their annual banquet, the children study very hard in school. In this admirable book the people of Peyrane are fat or thin, young or old; they even have faces, for Mr. Wylie, at their own request, took their pictures. With this text as a base, an optimistic generalization about the stuff of which France is made is more than permissible.

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Somber Lunacy, Stern Illogic

GORE VIDAL

AN INTIMATE JOURNAL OF THE DREYFUS CASE, by Maurice Paléologue. *Criterion. $4.50.*

In October, 1894, the young Maurice Paléologue, ambassador and Academician-to-be, was assigned by the French Foreign Office to act as special liaison between the Quai d'Orsay and that curious moral melodrama, *l'affaire Dreyfus.* As the scandal unfolded in all its puzzling intricacy, Paléologue kept a journal which, published now for the first time, captures as perhaps no other account does the day-by-day tension of a five-year crisis that was to split the political and the social life of France, leaving scars to this day unhealed.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus was an ordinary, rather unappealing man whose only distinction before his tragic case was his appointment to the general staff. He was the first Jew ever to be accepted in the inner circle of an army that was traditionally anti-Semitic, romantically tracing its descent from those lively opportunists, the Crusaders of the Middle Ages.

The appointment of Dreyfus was an experiment in liberalism, and, needless to say, it was resented by many officers, among them Colonel Sandherr, the splendidly egregious chief of counterintelligence who resolutely maintained that Jewish racial loyalties could never coincide with French interests. But Sandherr was overruled and Dreyfus was accepted as a probationer in January of 1893.

IN THE fall of 1894, an agent of counterintelligence stole from the German Embassy a memorandum, the famous *bordereau,* listing a number of secret and semi-secret French military documents for sale. Moving rapidly and with stern illogic, Sandherr and his assistant, Major Henry, decided that Dreyfus was the spy. His handwriting, the fantastic M. Bertillon of the Sûreté declared, was the same as that of the *bordereau.* Later, when the defense revealed obvious dissimilarities, Bertillon confidently maintained that Dreyfus had of course tried to disguise his writing. At subsequent trials, when the handwriting of Ferdinand Esterhazy, the actual spy, was found to be identical with that of the *bordereau,* the army blandly proposed that Dreyfus had deliberately imitated Esterhazy's hand. This sort of somber lunacy was to mark the entire affair.

THROUGH Paléologue's eyes we observe the various stages of the crisis: The leak to the newspapers that forced the army to court-martial Dreyfus on no more evidence than the *bordereau* and a false accusation by Major Henry. The exile to Devil's Island. The efforts of Dreyfus's brother and wife to reopen the case. The apprehension of Esterhazy as the real spy. The army's crude exoneration of Esterhazy. The ugly hysteria of anti-Semitism. The rallying of French intellectuals to Dreyfus's defense (the word "intellectual" was coined at this time to describe those artists and scholars who, in sudden articulate congress, wanted justice done). The exhibitionistic but useful attack on the government by Zola; his subsequent trial and conviction. The political and emotional alienation of the intellectuals (and where will *that* end?) from the bourgeois life of the nation. Major Henry's forged evidence against Dreyfus; his arrest and suicide. Everything is recorded with dry clarity in Paléologue's journal.

And there are revelations, too. Esterhazy, that remarkable melodramatist, was not the only spy. There was another, whom Paléologue does not name, a high-ranking officer "now commanding troops." There is also a brilliant portrait of the clever, temperamental President Casimir-Périer, whose dislike of the War Minister, General Mercier (a marvelous figure beautifully preserved in the amber of Proust's *Jean Santeuil*), contributed so much to the final trial in '99 when Dreyfus, again found guilty, was pardoned and finally reinstated. One learns, too, in a fresh way, what one has always suspected: that certain high-ranking generals like Gonse were, simply, stupid and that Dreyfus had bad luck in his lawyers; the first, Demange, lacked energy while the second, Labori, was a demagogue whose thundering manner hopelessly antagonized the court. One is also grateful to find that at least Paléologue and the Foreign Office were aware from the beginning of the spuriousness of certain letters forged by Major Henry purporting to be from the German Kaiser to Dreyfus —a shocking naïveté on the part of those military men and journalists who took for granted that emperors correspond intimately with minor secret agents.

THIS JOURNAL is certainly the most interesting record published so far of the Dreyfus case. It unfolds like a classic mystery novel, the reader knowing no more at any given moment than the narrator—an ideal form in which to render legal complexities. Yet, for all of Paléologue's clarity, one has at times the uneasy impression that he is disingenuous. He confesses right off that he destroyed the original manuscript from which this narrative was taken. He also admits to certain rearrangements of the text, in the interest, no doubt, of verisimilitude.

But Paléologue was an artist as well as a diplomatist, and one must allow him a certain license in his evocation of the past. His attitude, in any case, was beautifully civilized and it is his posthumous gift to the world to remind the living once again of the profound significance of this melodrama. He poses the issue clearly: Does any institution, whether it be the general staff of an army or the governing arm of the body politic itself, have the right, for its own convenience, to sacrifice a man without real regard for his innocence or guilt? It is especially useful now to be reminded of the way another age met and resolved a perennial issue.

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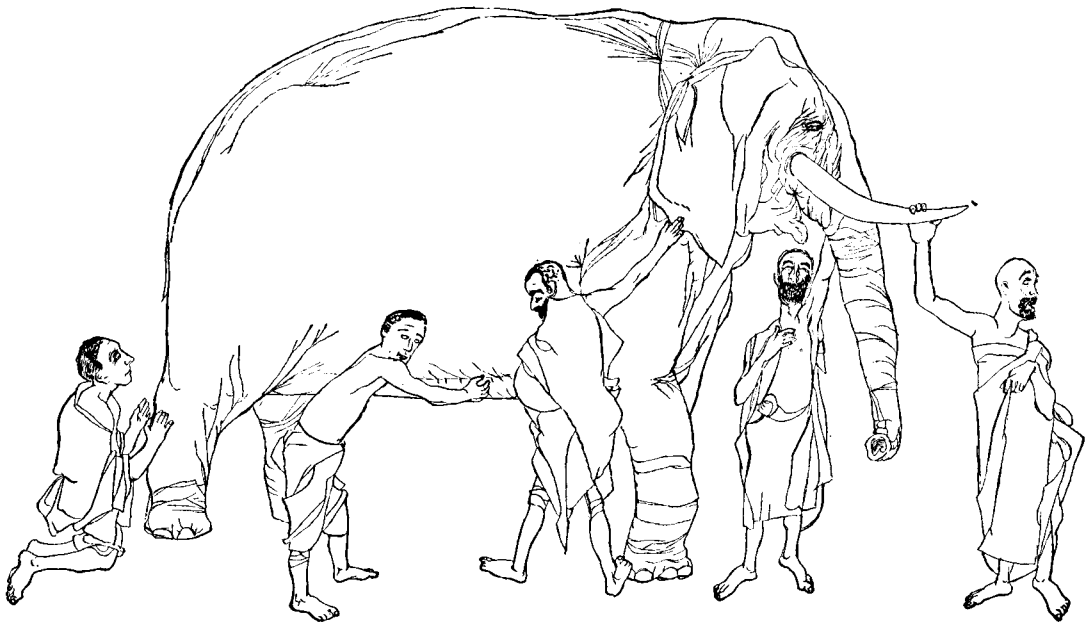

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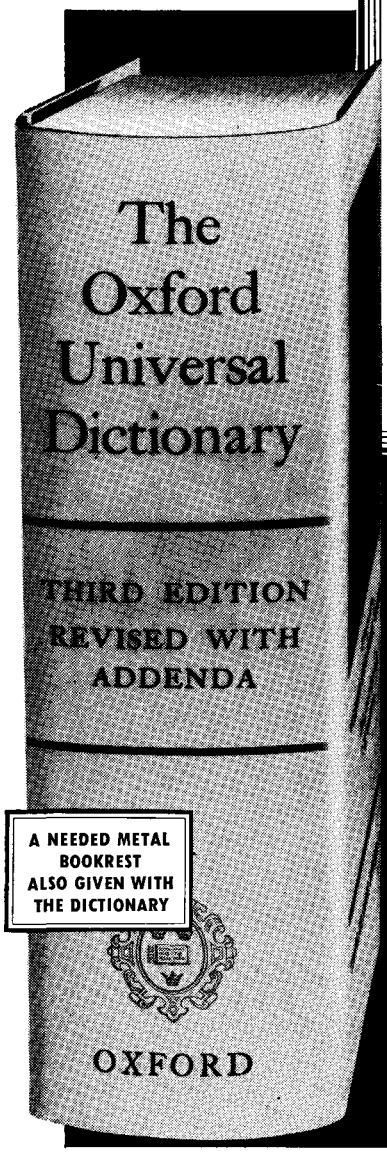

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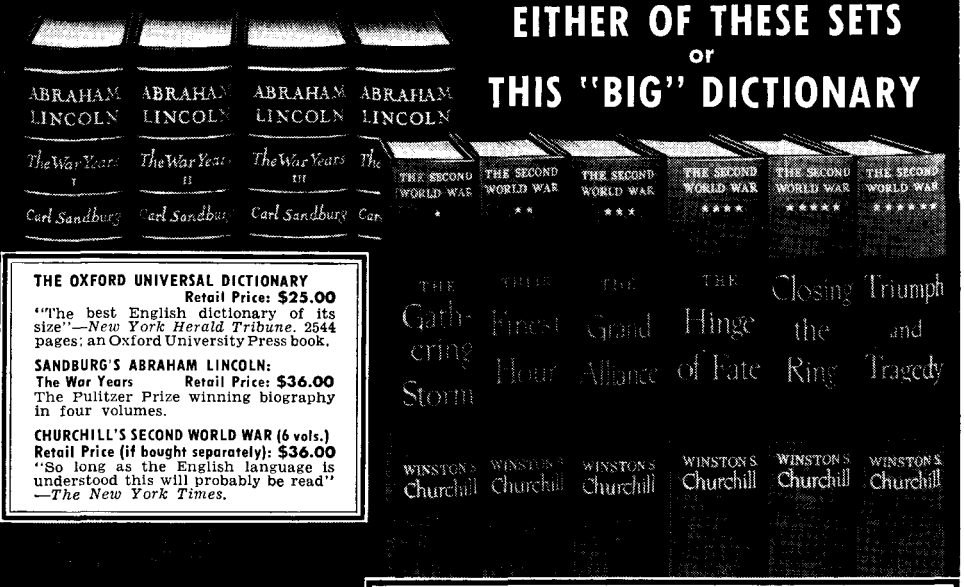

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